

# THE ANGLO

A. D. PATERSON,  
EDITOR.



# AMERICAN.

E. L. GARVIN & Co.,  
PUBLISHERS.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE 4 Barclay-St.  
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

VOL. 5. No. 21.

## THE WAYWARD ONE.

CHARLES SWAIN

So modest her advances,  
Such softness in her lip and eye,  
You'd think such angel glances  
Were borrow'd from the saints on high!  
'Tis sweeter thus believing,  
Than doubting—though they say that she,  
Deliciously deceiving,  
Can never long with Love agree!  
  
At morn you'd fancy really  
That maiden's heart is mine indeed;  
And speak of wedlock cheerly—  
But lesser haste the better speed!  
You buy the ring quite boldly,  
As Hymen's gift—a marriage toy;  
She—turns aside quite coldly,  
And curteys a brief "Good-bye!"  
  
May wrinkles seize the beauty,  
The sweet, bewitching, sparkling jade,  
Who first makes love a duty—  
Then laughs away the vows she made!  
Oh, make her less a charmer,  
Dear Future, let her less excel;  
Or make her bosom warmer  
To one who loves her but too well!

## BARGAIN-HUNTERS.

There is a large class of persons who are so inveterately prone to bargain-hunting, that they seldom or never purchase anything of an abateable nature which they do not cheapen as much as possible. This habit is not so much attributable to any lack of means in the buyers, as to a childish love of obtaining a maximum quantity at a minimum value, which affords them the additional gratification of boasting afterwards of their bargains, and complimenting themselves on their own shrewdness. With such persons the purchase of sixpenny worth of oranges is as eagerly seized to gratify their favourite propensity as the order for a set of plates; and we have known instances of individuals, possessed of ample pecuniary resources, so confirmed in this habit, as to wander in anxious uncertainty from stall to stall before they could decide the momentous question as to which was the most eligible pennyworth of apples.

The habit of bargain-hunting, while we laugh at it for its folly, deserves to be denounced for its mischief. It holds out a premium to unfair trading, to trickery and lying: it is a cruel oppression of him who buys upon him who sells, and powerfully assists in lowering the hard-earned wages of the poor mechanician. The manufacturer is compelled, in order to gratify the morbid love of cheapness, to produce goods of the most trashy and useless description, and to reduce the wages of those whom he employs to the lowest fraction. The shop-keeper, in order to secure this description of customers, is forced to adulterate his articles; to profess them to be what he knows they are not; to exert himself, by short weight, lying puffs, inferior substitutions, and a thousand unworthy artifices, to keep on a fair equality with his neighbours. No sooner does a new shop open, the owner of which professes to sell cheaper than usual than he is patronised by the bargain-hunters, to the great injury and often ruin of his more conscientious competitors. Whether he himself ever intend to pay for his stock is not inquired into; whether he intend to pursue an honest and honourable course is held to be no business of the customers: he sells cheapest, and this supersedes every other consideration. The consequence too often is, that the bargain-offering tradesman, after having injured many a respectable shopkeeper around him, suddenly decamps at the expiration of a few months and the secret of his bargains is at length apparent; namely, that never having intended to pay for the goods himself, any receipt must be a clear gain to him, and he could thus afford to sell at prices which must be ruinous to the upright dealer.

This cheapening mania exercises also a most pernicious influence in producing distrust, duplicity, and unmanly feeling between seller and buyer. The seller, sharpened by past experience, is in self-defence compelled, in order to obtain a remunerating profit, to ask more than the real value of the article, in order to leave room for the abatement which he expects as a matter of course to follow. The offer by the buyer of less than is asked is really an insult, for it virtually implies that the seller is a fool or a rogue—a fool to take so little, or a rogue to ask so much; and thus the straight forward honesty and integrity which should characterise dealings in the market or the shop, as much as any where else, is set aside, and seller and buyer meet together with a feeling that confidence and honour are out of place there, and that cunning and over-reaching are among the recognised moralities of trade. The seller, while he introduces the article to his customer feels a conviction that unless he adds an untruth to the specification of the price, unless an assertion is made or a warranty given which it would be absurd to believe, the article will be rejected, and the hesitating customer will not purchase it, but patronise some other less scrupulous tradesman. The bargain-hunter, on his side, turns the article over in a contemptuous manner, exerts his ingenuity to find some fault in it which shall afford a pretext for a lower offer, and having found a real or an imaginary one, bids something below what he often must know is its real value. The poor tradesman wants ready money, the article really cost him more, he knows of other shops where it can be had at that price, and, with a sickening heart and an inward condemnation of the selfishness of man, he accepts the offer, and

the purchaser departs with his bargain. But, strange metamorphosis, the article so recently pronounced almost worthless, the purchaser now boasts of as excellent, worth double the money, and delights to hear his friends innocently express their surprise how it could possibly have been made for the price. Such a mode of dealing is unmanly, ungenerous, and unjust, and requires but to be candidly considered to be denounced by all who think and feel rightly.

The influence of this pernicious system upon the labouring part of the community is cruel and disastrous. Some time ago, the public were presented with accounts of the misery prevalent among a large class of women in the metropolis, whose occupation consisted in the making of shirts at the insignificant sum of three half-pence each. Indignation, as it appears to us, was on this occasion levelled at the wrong parties. The blame, we are persuaded, lay less with the immediate than the remote employers. The public, which vented its anger on the shopkeeper, was the real transgressor; for the dealer merely obeyed the popular demand. Pressed upon by the insane cry for low-priced articles, as well as by a general competition, the manufacturer and shop-keeper, if they would do business at all, must reduce their expenses to the lowest point in order to obtain any profit, and to this end are compelled to wring from their workpeople the utmost of work for the least possible remuneration. Unreasonably protracted hours are resorted to, toll is not allowed to cease with the day, the labour of the woman is introduced to supersede that of the man, and that of the child to supersede both, education is necessarily neglected, deformity produced, stimulants resorted to, vicious habits formed, and squalor and disease are induced; and all this too often that the purchaser may procure an article at a fractional abatement. The occasional subscription and the cold donation of charity are but a poor reparation for depriving the workman of his honest earnings, and the manly independence of pocket and of character which it is so desirable he should possess. It is true that the payment of fair prices by the buyer will not always secure fair remuneration to the operative, but the habit of cheapening must have a tendency to lower wages and inflict misery on the producers.

The pernicious practice of bargain hunting is, we fear, by no means confined to the rougher sex. It is to be lamented that the practice is far too common among that sex whose kindness of heart and sensibility need no eulogy, and whose propensity in this respect we can attribute to no other source than thoughtlessness. It is perhaps also partly to be accounted for by the fact, that females generally have less money at command than men, and therefore when they spend it are perhaps somewhat more unreasonable in their exchanging expectations. A little thought as to the amount of misery to others which must result from the gratification of this propensity, would surely be sufficient to convince them of its unreasonableness and inhumanity. Little do ladies think, while they are cheapening the thread and the tape, or the shawls or the linens they purchase, how much poverty and misery they are assisting to entail on the sickly operative who makes them, and how much of the ignorance, and desolation, and vice, the bare mention of which shocks their sensibility, is traceable to this baneful practice.

The habit we have denounced is also very fallacious in a pecuniary point of view. The most shrewd and practised chapener is often deceived, and finds, after he has secured the bargain, that, to use the common phrase, "it is too cheap to be good," or that he did not really want it, and therefore it was dear at any price. He discovers too late that what he has bought was made to be looked at rather than used, to deceive rather than satisfy, and that the little he gave for it was far too much for such an article, as it was really worth nothing. The cheapest things may be very dear, and the dearest very cheap, and good articles cannot reasonably be expected at any other than fair prices. Independently therefore of the injury which the habit of cheapening inflicts upon the workman, it is deceptive and unprofitable even to the purchaser. The prices of shopkeepers are certainly not always to be paid without demur, for this would be to hold out a premium to imposition and extortion but there should be considerateness on the part of the purchaser as to what ought to be the fair price of such an article. To deal as much as possible with tradesmen who are known for their integrity and uprightness, without being seduced by every unprincipled adventurer who professes to be "selling off under prime cost," and closing business at a "tremendous sacrifice," will be found in the long run not only the truest economy, and the most satisfactory to the purchaser, but also the most advantageous to the wellbeing of society and the general interest of honesty and honour.

## THE LATE REVOLUTION IN GREECE.

Few, we are persuaded, will participate in the sentiment with which M. La Martine surprises his readers in the account of his few days' visit to Greece, given in the "Pilgrimage to the East":—

"C'est là Argos; tout près de là est le tombeau d'Agamemnon. Mais que n'importe Agamemnon, et son empire! ces vénérables historiques et politiques ont perdu l'intérêt de la jeunesse et de la vérité. Je voudrais voir seulement une vallée d'Arcadie; j'aime mieux un arbre, une source sous le rocher, un laurier rose au bord d'une flèuve, sous l'arche écorchée d'un pont tapissé de lianes, que le monument d'un de ces royaumes classiques qui ne rappellent plus rien à mon esprit: que l'ennui qu'ils m'ont donné dans mon enfance."

We venture, nevertheless, to think that these classic regions still have some interest,—that Homer and Herodotus are something more than the names of dull school-books,—Athens and Mycenæ spots where some associations linger. It seems to us that the scene, which the French poet looked at as a mere picture, should bring to the scholar's mind the doomed fortunes of "Atreus' royal line," and the immortal trilogy of "Æschylus." But even if "these old histories" have lost, or could ever lose the power to charm, there are not wanting

associations which have all the freshness of youth. By the modern Greeks the national assembly of Argos is regarded as the flower of the great ἀγώνα, or struggle for national freedom, and the destined seed-vessel of constitutional liberty. Some excuse, however, may be made for M. La Martine's indifference. At the time of his visit to Nauplia in 1832, the Assembly had been lately closed amidst factions called into life by the tyranny of Capo d'Istria. We happen to know also that at that period occasional parties of Palikars might be seen crossing the plain of Argos, and that the ring of the "Toupiki" was now and then heard on the rocks of Mycenæ. Classical and poetic sympathies might therefore be a little disturbed, and it is not impossible that the prudence of the pilgrim-poet had as much to do with his affected want of interest, as the reminiscences of weary school-tasks, relieved by the occasional stimulant of birch or cane. Certain it is that he declined the escort that was offered him, and preferred a trip upon his Pegasus, to a canter over the kingdom of Agamemnon upon the Arab of an ambassador.

It is thus that numerous travellers of all countries, grades, talents and professions, pass through, or rather by, Greece, without giving to their respective countries even a proximate idea of the true state of the kingdom of Hellas, of its origin, and its prospects. Indeed for the last ten years all interest about Greece had been lost in the dull German system supposed to be quietly carried on there by the Bavarians; and it was only when instalments of loans were called for or paid, that the newspapers condescended to refer to the country, except by the insertion, in small print, of an occasional letter from Athens or Patras, convenient for filling up vacant corner. The poetry of the subject, as well as the business view of it, appeared for a time to have been exhausted, when suddenly last September a Greek revolution was announced to the world—a revolution without bloodshed, without vengeance, begun and ended in a day, effected by the mere declaration of the will of the people, at once accepted by two of the great protecting powers of Greece, and subsequently by the third, and finally recognized by all the other states of Europe. Interested and excited by this event and its consequences, the public mind has once more awakened to some curiosity about Greece and the Greeks, and begins to realize to itself the important fact, that a million of freemen are associated under a well-defined constitution, in a country between Europe and Asia of extraordinary natural strength, of which, as mountaineers and mariners, they know well how to take advantage; that about ten times that number, allied to them in blood, religion and language, are dispersed in fruitful lands on the shores of the Aegean, the Euxine, and the Danube, among an Asiatic people "encamped" for three centuries on this fair portion of Christendom; and that these latter are now melting away and breaking off from their central government, as if the force of cohesion in the Moslem faith had lost its power. What Greece was, is, and must be, is no poet's dream or idle tourist's theory; it is a fact of extreme gravity, in which some millions of the human race are much concerned, and which, looked at under the light of philosophy, religion, politics, or commerce, should interest all who feel and acknowledge themselves to be members of the great human family.

Various causes have combined to give us a false or imperfect view of Greece, whether derived from books or conversation. In spite of the hundreds of travellers who have visited her shores, Hellas is scarcely better known than she was twenty years since. Naval captains have seen her during the war, and, without making any distinction between the Greeks of the Ionian islands and the Levant, and those of Hellas, talk of the pirates or bomboatmen of 1827, and draw general inferences, as if they had the most minute knowledge of the country, moral, statistical and political,—Indians returning to Europe and changing steamboats at Athens, or at most visiting the plains of Argos and Marathon, pronounce a sweeping condemnation, because they find bad dinners and bad lodging.—Dilettanti and classical travellers from England or Germany, condescend to notice nothing later than the days of Pericles or Herodes Atticus, and write treatises discussing inscriptions, ancient manners, or new theories of the gods. Lastly, a crowd of young officers or collegians, with a few sketching and journal-writing ladies, land at the Peiræus, partake of the hospitality of our kind and excellent minister Sir E. Lyons, parade their jewels or their uniforms at the palace, ride bad horses over bad roads, cross gulfs in boats for a fortnight, and, scarcely knowing whether Pericles or St. Paul lived first, or whether the battle of Platæa or the siege of Missolonghi was the more ancient conflict, proceed to speak grandiloquently of Greece "à tort et à travers" for the rest of their lives. The merchants who visit Greece from England, do so only in their way to other countries, and seldom afterwards concern themselves about a place where the small consumption of English goods, bought principally by native Greeks in England, promises small profits. Causes therefore, sufficiently obvious, exist for the ignorance of the detail of Greek life in England, the neglect of the subject, or the prejudice and false views with which it is generally treated.

Nevertheless Hellas is something more than a set of illustrations drawn by nature, to satisfy the readers of Homer, Pindar and Thucydides; and the deep entanglements which Providence has decreed should exist in the character of her inhabitants, have not endured the shock of more ages than her oldest inscriptions, without indicating far other results than the verification of historic doubts, or the correction of manuscripts; we think, therefore, that an acceptable service would be rendered if a faithful account were given of the actual condition of its people, more especially as affected or modified by the late national movement. But as it is impossible rightly to understand or appreciate the late events of which Greece, and Athens in particular, has been the theatre, without a general notion of her history since the epoch of her regeneration, we propose in this article to give such a brief retrospect and summary as may serve to explain and illustrate her present position.

The first great struggle for liberty, after the consolidation of the ancient Greek states, comes down to us stamped more especially with the portrait of one man, Themistocles; and if, after the lapse of twenty-three centuries, we were again to trace to its source the stream of freedom, which has burst forth anew, we should find it in the noble impatience of oppression which animated the breast of a single philosophic and philanthropic patriot. Well-educated and conversant with Europe, Rhigas for years pursued, almost alone, his undeviating purpose; like Hamlet he found the "time was out of joint," and lived only to seek and obtain vengeance for his parent's wrongs. To this end he painfully explored every corner of Greece, of which he constructed and published a map on a large scale, and, considering his means, of wonderful accuracy; he wrote songs, elegies, and ballads, to excite and prepare the minds of his countrymen, and associated thousands in a secret society. To perfect his plan, he visited personally every man of influence in Greece, Thessaly, Macedonia, and the islands. He had prepared lists of those most in his confidence, and was ready to pass into Albania, when, in 1796 or 1797, he was seized at Trieste by the Austrians (always enemies of freedom and friends of despotism, even when under an infidel form), and delivered to the Turks, by whom he was put to

death at Belgrade; but not before he had time, it is believed, in the intervals of torture, to eat the list of names of those who would have been compromised. Some of these men are still alive, and regard Rhigas as the father of the Greek insurrection, which, be it remembered, has always been a struggle for religion as much as for freedom. The French Revolution and the projects of Napoleon succeeded, and till 1814 the Greek nation remained a passive but uninterested spectator of the great contests of Europe.

At the Congress of Vienna Alexander Ipsilanti was present, and his views and enthusiasm were sounded and reported by the fair spies who formed part of the cortège of the Russian court. He also attempted a negotiation at Laybach with the Czar, and was coldly repulsed, for Alexander had not then finally determined on a war with the Turks; but in 1815 three obscure Greeks at Constantinople renewed the great plan of the Hetæria, or secret brotherhood, and Ipsilanti, then a Russian general, fell in with George Kantekuzene and other officers at the head of Albanian troops at Jassy, who were already members of it. The consequence was an outbreak on the banks of the Danube, in March, 1821, which has been signalized by the first proclamation of Greeks openly and boldly appealing to Europe for aid. The Emperor of Russia contented himself with dismissing Ipsilanti from his service, and forbidding his generals on the frontiers to exceed the bounds of neutrality. Austria hastened to follow his example. Ipsilanti and Kantekuzene were soon at the head of 8000 men; the war was carried on near Widdin, Braila and Galatz, and it was not till 1826 that peace was restored by the convention of Akerman. During this interval (from 1815 to 1821) Count Capo d'Istria, a Corfiote gentleman, who had risen in the Russian service from a secretary to a cabinet minister, had converged into a focus the scattered sympathies of many for his suffering country, by a society called Philomousa, ostensibly limited to the encouragement of literature and science, and to the raising of the moral feeling of the Greeks. At length the Turks, unable to conquer their Christian subjects, resorted to massacre, even under the eyes of the Sultan; and 20,000 to 30,000 are said to have perished in Constantinople at Easter 1821, at which period the Patriarch Gregory was hanged and his body dragged through the streets. The next year witnessed the dreadful butchery at Scio, where not less than 60,000 of the unoffending inhabitants perished or were sold into slavery. No sooner had the news from Moldavia reached Greece, already prepared in some degree by the Hetæria, than a general movement took place; and in March, 1821, the Bishop Germanos raised the standard of the Cross near Patras. He was immediately joined by Pietro Bey Mavromichali of Maina, Colocotroni of Caretina, Notaras of Corinth, Mavrocordato from Constantinople, the Condouriotis, Boudouris and Tzamedos, from Hydra, the Botzares and others from northern Greece; and from this period the war of emancipation was carried on with unabated fury, till the Moslems were driven from the Morea. However, in 1825, Ibrahim Pasha was called by the despairing Sultan from Egypt, and dispatched with an overpowering fleet and army into the exhausted country. After a great loss of men before Missolonghi, the Turkish and Egyptian Pashas had the gloomy satisfaction of seeing a part of the Greek garrison cut their way through the camp, leaving the gates of the town open, while the remainder blew themselves up within the city. Ibrahim returned to the Morea, to carry on, not war but devastation, holding the plains in force, and driving the inhabitants with his cavalry to the mountains and then burning the villages.

At this period Russia had views against Turkey, and the private loans in London had given indication that assistance might be afforded to the Greeks, which would put to shame the indifference of European states. In reply to a note from Russia, Mr. Canning proposed a special treaty, and the Duke of Wellington offered to go to St. Petersburg to negotiate it. He went accordingly, and the first protocol bore date April 4, 1826. France soon joined this alliance, and a treaty which at first contemplated only the purchase of the Morea by indemnities (such is the ignorance or recklessness of great statesmen) terminated in the establishment of a kingdom, called the kingdom of Hellas, the northern frontier of which was ultimately drawn from the gulph of Arta to that of Volo, while its eastern limits embrace all the Cyclades except Candia. It is not very surprising that the Turks, whose history had taught them what ropes of sand were the unions of European powers against the Infidel, should have remained long unconvinced of the sincerity and earnestness of the alliance between Russia, France, and England. The forms at that time observed by the ambassadors and their dragomen at Constantinople did not perhaps admit of positive language, but the cannon of Navarino, in October 1827, made the intention of the three Powers unmistakeably clear; and though the vacillations of a British Cabinet thought fit to designate this righteous and most necessary act as "an untoward event," the Sultan no longer doubted that peace must be made. The treaties between the Greek national assembly, the three allied Powers and the Sultan resulted in the nomination of Capo d'Istria as President of Greece. The crown was subsequently offered to Prince Leopold; but the intrigues of Capo d'Istria, the apathy of the English ministers, Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington, with the narrow limits of the northern frontier (at that time offered) caused the Prince to withdraw in the evening the note of acceptance which he had written in the morning. Had the letter of the wily President which influenced his final determination been lost or even delayed for a single day, Leopold would have been on the throne of Greece, and different indeed would have been her history from that which we have now to recount!

It is a general error to suppose that constitutional government is a novelty in Greece. When Capo d'Istria landed from a British man-of-war, supported by French troops, Greece had been governed for some years by national assemblies, under the constitution of Epidaurus; and his office and function was that of President of the National Assembly of Argos, then (in August 1831) sitting under the title of the Fourth National Assembly. The foundations of constitutional government had been laid in 1822, and its principles were generally understood; but this Assembly passed decrees declaring ministers responsible, fixing a budget, establishing a bank, a coinage, an orphan asylum, etc., and confirming the civil and military law enacted in 1824, detailed in about forty-five chapters.

Capo d'Istria supported the difficulties of his situation with great energy, and had made considerable progress in internal government, when his treatment of the Assembly at Argos, and his conduct towards individuals (especially to the Hydriotes and the brave Mialius) led many to think that he was gradually undermining the liberties of Greece, and had designs for either making himself absolute, or placing his country in a state of dependence upon Russia. The offended family of the Spartan chieftain Mavromichali, with other Mainotes, held upon him a species of *Gehäime Gericht*, such as the customs of Maina and the state of Greece seemed to them to warrant. The sentence of this unauthorized tribunal was death, and it was carried into execution by what we must pronounce to be a murder, whatever guise of patriotism or justice it might

assume in the eyes of persons born under other laws, and educated in another school of religion and morals. The difficulties of the Allied Powers were augmented by the President's death, and discord followed under Capo d'Istria's brother, whose intellect and principles alike rendered him unfit to rule over a free constitutional people.

In May, 1832, Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, was selected and accepted as sovereign. Three conditions only were annexed, viz., that a Regency should govern for three years,—that sixty millions of francs should be advanced to Greece, twenty millions being guaranteed by each of the Allied Powers,—and that the King of Bavaria should lend 4500 troops. But, though no distinct promise of a constitution was exacted by the treaty, still it was decidedly understood by every Greek that the King was to govern under a constitution, as the President had done; it was a thing taken for granted, not needing positive stipulation. How, indeed, could it be otherwise with people who had for ten years been living under a constitution? Moreover, it was no time for bargaining: the Greeks were starving, civil war was raging, communication with the great Powers was slow, and their statesmen fully engaged. Some had no will, others no time, to exact better terms; and those who know the conduct of French, Russian, and English ministers then at Napoli, will not wonder, however they may regret, that the formal promise of a constitution was not pressed by the friends of Greece. Otho then became King of Greece, the succession being limited to his descendants; and, in default of issue, to his next brother; with a further limitation to his second brother, and a proviso that the crowns of Bavaria and Greece should never be united on the same head.

In February, 1833, the youthful monarch landed at Nauplia from his Britannic Majesty's ship Madagascar, Captain Lyons, accompanied by his Regency, Count Armanstorp, General Heideck and Mr. Maurer, with Mr. Abel their secretary. He was received with enthusiasm, having shown his confidence in his new subjects—thanks to the advice of Captain (now Sir Edmund) Lyons and Minister at Athens—in landing by torch-light, as soon as the ship cast anchor at Nauplia. It was understood that he was come so young to naturalize himself among them, and the simple habits of the Greeks led them to suppose that the two and a half years, during which he was to be exempt from the cares of royalty, would be devoted to making himself acquainted with the country, the people and the language, with a view to his future duties. His youthful appearance and gentle address created a favourable impression, and it was given out that he had been carefully educated. The sequel, however, showed that Otho's training had been such as to fit him only for that to which he had been originally destined,—the future honour of a cardinal's hat. So far from mixing with the Greeks (except his language-master), he was carefully preserved from any vulgar contact with his people. During the few tours he made he was surrounded by Bavarians, incapable or unwilling to awaken in his mind any taste for nature (as displayed in Greece) for historical recollections or classical remains. Instead of the principles of limited monarchy which Socrates taught, he was told that, from the moment he set his foot on the Greek soil, his will was absolute law, over every man and thing in the country. In a very few months the jealousy of the two regents, Maurer and Heideck, closed the drawing-room of Countess Armanstorp (where the refined of all nations met at Nauplia) against the young King, and he thenceforth lived only with his official staff and the people placed about him, acquiring the habits of royalty without the knowledge or feelings necessary for a Greek King of Greece.

The Regency was accompanied by the two great diplomatic sedatives,—troops and money; twenty millions of francs had been advanced as the first series of the loan, and the King of Bavaria, as agreed, had sent 4500 regular troops. The remains of the Greek army (between 2000 and 3000 palikars) were ordered to disperse without pay, and without even money to take them to their desolate homes; but the chiefs had been turbulent, and this summary disbanding, though a cruel way of getting out of a difficulty, was certainly the easiest. It had too the merit of impressing the minds of the Greeks with an idea of the rigour of the Regency. The men and non-commissioned officers who were in service before 1831 were allowed to enter the new regiments, to be officered partly by Greeks and partly by Germans.

The first royal ordinance is dated February 28, 1833, in which, in a long and somewhat bombastic address, the Regents tell the Greeks in the name of their sovereign, "that all political disputes are to be thrown into oblivion, and that it is for them to maintain peace and order, and thus for each to bring peace to his own home." The names of many distinguished Greeks appeared in high offices, but there were also those of many undistinguished, except by their knowledge of French or German or their skill in the arts of intrigue. The Regency, however, proceeded diligently in their work of organization; ordinance followed ordinance in rapid succession,—everything was attempted, nothing left untouched, and the whole Bavarian system of vigorous paper-government was soon in force. From schemes of ecclesiastical policy and systems of national education, down to the patterns of embroidery for military and civil uniforms, all enjoyed the paternal attention of the Government and figured in the official columns of the Gazette with due solemnity of signed and countersigned decrees.

Herr Von Maurer with Abel applied himself to the criminal code; Count Armanstorp organized his finance, or rather system of taxation; and General Heideck, having his army ready formed and a scale of pay and rank soon arranged for the new corps, turned his mind to some active operations, for the purpose of proving the utility of his troops and inspiring the Greeks with due respect for their prowess. The criminal code, which contains trial by jury, does much honour to the esteemed jurist by whom it was compiled, and, having outlived the inconveniences of a new system, may be considered upon the whole as a permanent benefit to the nation. It was perhaps too abstract in its provisions and too abruptly introduced; in general, however, little attention was paid to the local and temporary applicability of any measure, and in prescribing remedies the diagnosis of the patient was scarcely studied by the state physicians. Count Armanstorp took upon himself the chief management of foreign intrigue (though why there should have been any it seems difficult to understand, unless it were for the purpose of sending the loan through Bavaria and converting much of it by the way into army accoutrements and fresh-coined dollars) and of taxation. This last required, as it seemed, no effort of inventive genius. The system adopted had at least the merit of simplicity; it consisted of a duty of ten per cent. on all foreign goods landed, a most mischievous transit duty, a capitulation tax on sheep and cattle, a tithe of all the products of the earth, taken in kind at harvest, a tax on timber when cut, and a claim of pasture dues over all open and uncultivated lands; this last gave especial offence, being, like the tithe, a tax of very injudicious tendency and of Turkish origin.

Meantime General Heideck, intent, as we have said, on some great military

exploit, determined on an expedition by sea and land to Maina, in order to compel the Mainote chiefs to pull down their towers, which the Government affected to consider as castles, while their owners regarded them only as private houses. They were in fact their ancient fortified residences, and resembled the most simple of our Scotch border towers, or those erected by the English in the south-west of Ireland in the time of Raleigh and Spenser. Heideck's real object, however, was to humble the proud Mainotes, who scarcely brooked submission to the general government, and to acquire honour for the German troops. The result was a complete defeat, considerable loss, and the disgrace of actually buying the release of a part of the force, which, not having been able to escape by sea, had been blockaded in the wild valleys of Maina.

A very short time had elapsed after the return of General Heideck when dissents and frequent quarrels broke out between the Regents, and, the flame being rapidly fanned by male and female intrigue, the result was an irreconcileable rupture and the recall of Heideck, Maurer, and Abel, with the nomination of Armanstorp to the post of sole Regent. This occurred in July 1834, not quite a year and a half from the arrival of the Regency at Nauplia, and one year before the King's majority.

The Government of Count Armanstorp was in no essential respect different from that of the Regency, except perhaps in its extreme languor and inertness; there was the same meddling with details, the same complication of departmental machinery, the same official routine; everything ascending to and again descending from the head, through a legion of subordinate functionaries,—piles of paper—a mighty show of business,—nothing really done. It has been said indeed with much severity, though we fear with as much truth, that in the whole period from the arrival of the Regency to the coming of age of the King, "scarcely a single national measure had been carried into execution; one half of the public laws never having been enforced, and of the other half great part discovered to be injurious and impracticable: a charlatanerie of the most costly and audacious kind had been carried on, at the expense of the Greeks; the material benefit of the country seemed to have engaged no serious attention, while the spirit of intrigue had been augmented ten-fold." One partial exception may be made in favour of national education: most towns had their schools, and a good though somewhat too complicated system was formed.

On the majority of the King, a council of state was nominated, which was well chosen; a law was prepared for the distribution of national lands, a phalanx was created for the purpose of affording rank and pay to old officers, and the establishment of a bank was projected. But the law of dotation of lands, as it is called, had no result, as few could accept the terms offered, and the bank was not established until 1841.

At length, when King Otho was returning from a year's absence, Count Armanstorp, pressed by the nation and the British Cabinet, which had granted another instalment of the loan, produced his law of provincial councils; the members of this council were to be freely elected, and possess reasonable powers of local government. Moreover it was understood to be a measure preparatory to constitutional chambers of legislation. This however was his last, as it was his best act, for immediately on his arrival the King dismissed the arch-chancellor, and appointed in his stead a M. Rudhart whom he had brought from Bavaria for that purpose. This gentleman, who had been instructed to take a strong part against the British minister and liberal politics, remained in power less than a year, and signalized himself by passing one of the most infamous laws against the press ever invented. Upon his resignation, in 1838, the nominal ministry of Zographos and the real administration of the Camarilla was established,—an irresponsible council of private favourites, chiefly Bavarian underlings of the palace, whom the King assembled as his advisers, and to whom the preparation of measures was intrusted; the legitimate functions of the Council of State being entirely superseded. But this, though bad enough, was not the worst. Even before this period the corps of light-armed troops on the Turkish frontier had been encouraged in taking most atrocious measures for the discovery of marauders. One officer, to whom distinct charges of torture (in some cases applied to women) had been brought home, had been let off with the remark that he was "somewhat too zealous." Unjust imprisonment of Ionians for vague police charges (which had in one case even produced death) had been again and again complained of by the Lord High Commissioner, Sir H. Douglas; yet nothing short of strong threats of non-intercourse could obtain even the removal of the guilty parties from their posts. Now, however, under the government of Zographos it appeared to have become a settled maxim of Government that public officers must be supported, let them do what they would. It is not therefore surprising that, during the three years from 1838 in which Zographos and the Camarilla were in power, the acts of Government functionaries became more and more tyrannical and unrestrained by those principles which prevail in every European country.

The unjust system of collecting tithes, by which the buyers actually obtained a seventh or a sixth instead of a tenth,—the severe conscription in a weak population, where the assistance of every youthful member of a family was important,—and the courts-martial and courts held under special commission in the provinces to keep the population in check, had caused discontent, partial tumults, refusals to pay taxes, and consequent acts of brigandage, principally in Messenia. The remedies applied were of a nature to call forth the earnest remonstrances of the British Government,—remonstrances which, we believe, were strongly supported by the two other protecting Powers, as soon as the facts were made known to them. The acts imputed were, in fact, not less atrocious than poisoning the bread which was to be given to those accused of brigandage, and seizure and deportation of whole families from parts of the Morea to northern Greece, accompanied with harrowing circumstances of cruelty and deprivation.

Perpetual assaults were made on the press, through the tribunals, and despotism in its worst form seemed to be settling on the country. The great complaint of all, however, was that no business of any kind could proceed; intrigues and bribery were necessary to force on the most simple affairs of routine; and, down to a schoolmaster's license, every paper was to pass under the personal cognizance of the King and to receive the royal signature. In 1841 affairs had become so desperate, and the general discontent so apparent, that King Otho called Mavrocordato, as the head of the liberal party, to his aid.

Since the year after the King's arrival, this patriotic statesman had been in honourable exile, either at Munich or London, as minister to those courts. He now most reluctantly took office, on distinct conditions, among which were the abolition of the Camarilla, the dismissal of all Bavarian officers, the independence of the synod, the publication of a budget, and the enlargement of the powers of the Council of State; in fact, such measures as would bring back the country to a state out of which a constitution would naturally spring, and which would obviously tend to that result. But not six weeks had elapsed from his taking office, before Mavrocordato became practically convinced that

he was unable to withstand the insidious influence exercised on the King, and that it was vain to attempt to carry out his views. Rather than yield dishonorably, he resigned, and retired to the Peiræus; he was subsequently sent as minister to Constantinople but not before a suit had been instituted against him on an absurd fiction of law, which was only laid aside from fear of public opinion. French interference is said to have had much to do with the appointment of M. Christides, the next minister. In lieu of making conditions, this statesman was contented with boasting that he would very shortly restore the finances and smooth all difficulties, while he left the Camarilla wholly undisturbed. It was in vain that, during the succeeding year, the British minister reiterated his warnings as to the exhaustion of the treasury, and the necessity of providing for the loan by timely retrenchments; with such measures of good government as would lead to production and consequent increase of revenue. Nothing was done, save that a kind of juggling balance of accounts was produced, with a view of blinding the eyes of the Allied Powers, and a customs' law enacted by royal ordinance (like all others), but of such consummate folly and perplexity, that its only effect was to destroy a considerable part of the commerce of Syra and to bring numerous cases before the courts. It is thus characterized in the parliamentary paper, "Commercial Tariffs, Greece," presented to Parliament, July 14, 1843:—

"Commerce has greatly decreased at Syra during the past year, principally since the new law of customs has come into operation; and although the collector has received instructions not to insist on fines and penalties rigorously, yet, so deplorable have been the consequences of first impressions, that a great portion of the coasting trade from and to Asia Minor and European Turkey has been lost, and having found other channels will not return to Syra."

In the same paper, under the title of "Revenue and Taxation of Greece," it is added:—

"The taxation of Greece is certainly grievous borne by the people, and the whole fiscal system is badly arranged and worse managed. For so small a population, the government is upon too great and too expensive a scale, and the outlay on palaces and public edifices not easily justifiable. The Greek loan, and the excess of payments over income, has increased the debt to nearly seven millions sterling. If Candia had been annexed to Greece on the Revolution, and if a strong, intelligent, and strictly just administration had been established, the natural capabilities of Greece and Candia, and the energy of the people would have, during the last ten years, rendered both countries rich and independent. Agriculture, commerce, and revenue would naturally have flourished."

Matters, therefore, were fast hastening to a crisis; remonstrances and warnings, sent both by France and England, had been treated with cool inattention, but Russia now began to stir. Instructions proceeding from St. Petersburg were never lightly regarded at Athens, and here was an especial instance of the fear which Count Nesselrode inspired; for in the spring of 1843, the Court of Russia, made aware of the approaching bankruptcy of Greece, addressed to her Minister at Athens a dispatch of great severity, which he was directed to press on the Greek Government and Court. This dispatch was immediately published by the Russian embassy or party, and produced a great sensation in the country. Soon afterwards the three Allied Powers conjointly insisted on the payment of the interest, and a portion of the principal, of the loan then due, and upon an immediate reduction of the expenditure. It was therefore imperative that something should be done, or seem to be done, and the expedient hit upon was worthy of the government of Otho. A University had been raised, chiefly by the subscriptions of foreign Greeks, but the professors of which were paid by the State, as were those of the Gymnasium and Polytechnic School. It was upon these establishments that the Government, with the peevish spite of a spoiled child, made the reductions fall, while its army of German officers and a thousand other useless and extravagant outgoings were retained. The Polytechnic School, perhaps the most useful institution in Greece, and which owed its being to the energy and perseverance of a German officer of the name of Zentner, was closed. The French and English professors of languages at the University and Gymnasium were withdrawn, and in all these cases the sufferers were expressly told that the fault lay with those in Paris and London, not at Athens. This, with the recall of the Greek ministers from foreign courts, made up the amount of retrenchment. In fact there was complete evidence before the Greeks, that the parasites who beset their sovereign had persuaded him that money could be begged or borrowed in Germany, that the claims of the Allies could be, in some unaccountable way postponed, that his honour was engaged in disregarding the obtrusions of foreign Powers; that, as no budget had been honestly made up, nobody knew the real state of affairs; and finally that, *coute qui coute*, the Bavarian officers and officials must be retained, and the Camarilla and its dependants preserved.

The maxim, "quem Deus vult perdere," etc., was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified. On the verge of a precipice, which was visible to every eye, there was yet no attempt to stop: everything indicated a speedy perhaps a violent change; yet the sycophants round the palace seemed as ignorant and reckless of the progress of things as the passengers in a balloon, who believe the earth to be sinking and themselves stationary. "Wait and see," "to-morrow," "no matter,"—these phrases were at once the outward expression and the real character of their policy. Things had so long been going on from bad to worse, that it seemed to them there was no *worst*, and that if the resources of Greece were approaching to exhaustion, the patience of the Greeks was inexhaustible.—[Remainder next week]

### MRS. HALL'S NEW WORK.

*The Whiteboy; A Story of Ireland in 1822.* By Mrs. S C. Hall. 2 vols. London : Chapman and Hall.

Inwoven into a stirring tale of Whiteboy conspiracy, severe retribution, cruelty of middlemen, wild revenge of the oppressed, indiscriminating rigour in asserting law and property, and destitution reckless of consequences, these volumes endeavour to point out the conflicting qualities of the Irish people, and suggest remedies for the evils which exist in that excitable, uncertain, mercurial, and hard-to-govern country. The juxtaposition, not the fusion, of two distinct races and religions, so fiercely kept distinct, instead of being modified and amalgamated, enhances the difficulties of the people and of their rational rule; and whether Mrs. Hall, with her knowledge of their tempers and habits, and her kind and patriotic disposition to promote their welfare, has enabled us to solve the long-standing problems connected with both the desiderata, we must leave to the decision of her readers. It is ours to speak of the story.

It commences with the journey to Ireland of Mr. Spencer, a wealthy and well-intentioned English and Irish landlord, who is resolved to try residence, benevolence, patience, generosity, and perseverance, in making his tenantry comfortable, and the country about them quiet. He is forewarned of the im-

possibility of accomplishing his proposed task by a lady, Mary O'Brien, and introduced at once on the deck of the steamer to various characters who figure in the tale, and to others of the lower orders of Irish, children, nursemaids, &c. &c.

The scene then shifts to his seat in the south of Ireland; and he finds himself located in the midst of all the elements of insubordination and ruin, individual misconduct in rich and poor, hypocritical tyranny and Whiteboyism, aiming at revolution through wholesale murder and desolation.

We will not travel through the circumstances which attend his attempts at amelioration, nor describe the iniquities of Abel Richards, a villainous middleman, nor trench upon the love affairs involved among the leading persons; but by means of a few specimens endeavour to indicate the nature of the authorship.

A night-meeting of Whiteboys is attended by Mr. Spencer, who has obtained the pass-words; and we read, *inter alia*:

"I want no man to defend me," interrupted Louis, loudly, and unable to control himself: "I want no man to defend me; I have done nothing to need defence; I abandoned all to organise the revolt of a brave and injured people; I trusted to the promises of others to assist in this, because I knew how little could be done without that aid, and I, as well as others, have been disappointed and deceived." "We have ourselves to the fore, ready and willing," said the "Limerick rake," stepping forward. "And a great thing it is to have; but not enough," answered Louis, boldly, while Lawrence trembled for him; "not enough to rid the land of the proud invader, and eject a mass of the population, unhappy your bitter enemies, from their holdings." "Let each of us pick his man, and we'd soon be rid of them," said the Whitefoot of Tipperary. "By murder, not by war!" replied Louis, firmly. There was a hush; and Lawrence, in an agony too deep for loud words, muttered, "You will destroy yourself and me. Have you still to learn that they will fight—die—silently and bravely—but will not reason—cannot be thwarted?" "Murder," repeated the viperous-looking Leprehawk, as he stretched out his long leathery arms and clutched and opened his bony fingers, as though it would have given him pleasure to tear Louis into pieces—"Murder, that's a mighty hard word entirely, boys dear, and one that was never evened to us before—murder is it, enagh!—don't we pison rats, and varmint, and lay traps for foxes, and ferret rabbits—by law too—law—law!—do ye hear me, boys? and aint we to try to get rid of worse varmint without being called murderers—Oh! Yah, mellay!—did I tramp fresh and fasting mee ten good miles to be tould that it's murder to kill an Orangeman? Oh, bays dear, do ye hear me now! and that by a friend of the MacCarthy; but he's not the right sort of a MacCarthy," continued the long-armed drunkard, who could hardly stand, but was tossing to and fro; "he's not the right, true MacCarthy; he came—you understand me—into the world—not wanted; his mother was—what, was not permitted him to say, for Lawrence's hands were on his throat, and then he threw him from him as a dog flings away some disgusting thing which he loathes almost too much to destroy. This turned the attention of the people, who felt indignant as Lawrence himself could feel, and if Murtagh had not been restrained, there is little doubt he would have given full loose to his natural propensity, and the Leprehawk would have been heard no more."

The debate goes on, and "there was a breathless silence while the huge Munster man heaved himself forward; and though he stood upon no elevation, he was taller than Lawrence, who kept his position on the tomb; his enormous proportions made the more slender figures of the two leaders appear like those of boys. Byrne took off, first his hat, then his wig, which he must have worn because his father did so before him, for his hair was abundant, though somewhat frosted by time; he then looked round with a sheepish look, throwing a sidling glance over the crowd, which now appeared distinctly; for several, following Murtagh's example, had kindled torches of bogwood, that, as the wind lulled, burnt steadily enough. He spoke in English, and 'Doyle of the Cars' translated his words into Irish for the benefit of those who did not, as Master Mat would have said, understand 'the Vulgate.' He spoke slowly, as if resolved to curb his natural impetuosity. 'Boys,' he said, 'boys! I am no great hand at speech-making, though I believe it's pretty well known that I'm a good hand at the fist. Boys, what I have done is well understood by yez all. The blue wathers of my own lake could have informed (only they'd scorn it), ten years ago, where the process-server slept—who darkened my door a living man, and left it a dead one. He had his pistols and his cutlass, and above all, he was armed with the law at his back—I—I had this, and he held forth his clenched hand, that could have felled a Goliath; these bones against his pistols, his cutlass, and his law. I never saw the gatherer, taxman, or soldier, that would force me to turn my back.' 'We believe all that,' interrupted Lawrence, knowing, that if he got upon his feats of strength, there would be no termination to his harangue; 'we know that, good Byrne; but the night is passing, add our friends have far to go.' 'Young blood wants patience,' answered the man. 'Hours will pass, and friends will wait. But there's enough said; all know me, and all know Saint Columbkill's and Paschorinis' prophecies, which are working round, glory be to the Lord! plain as the sun at noon-day. There's only a little management needful, to trap every one of our persecutors and their myrmidons. Why, look, boys, it's asy, and natural, and it shews how small a light may kindle a great fire. Look now, all the men in Munster and Leinster couldn't have saved our strange captain's life last week, an' he's lying wounded in Labbig Owen's bed over there in Glen Flesk, but for the wisdom of MacCarthy, and the 'cuteness' of Murtagh, the MacCarthy's foster-brother. Murtagh's a jewel, so he is!' said Byrne, pressing his hand down upon Murtagh's head with the fondness of a father for a child, though Murtagh staggered beneath the affectionate pressure. 'Murtagh a jewel! There was more than ye know of, wishful that the captain should be left to lie asy; and one who, maybe, after all, will turn out nothing but a bird of two feathers, would have given his breath to save him. But nothing could turn the devil's pack from the devil's hunt; and what did Murtagh, wild as he looks—faix it's proud I'd be of ye, if ye war my boy. Murtagh dear—but I've no boy now.' 'No, poor man, God help you, you have not,' exclaimed a sympathising voice, for the strong man remembered when he had two sons, who had been 'sacrificed' to the offended laws of their country. 'Oh, to see the nature of him, and he such a giant!' exclaimed another. 'Mr. Byrne, sir,' said a third, 'keep a good heart; for every drop of blood that was in their bodies we'll have a life yet.' 'Thank yez all for yer mercy, God bless yez, ye'r the right sort any way,' he replied; 'only the wakeness comes over me mighty strong, so it does, when I think of them; sometimes, I see 'em as plain as light—the rosy twins, sleeping on the white bosom of the mother who died, as ye all know, under the—' His emotions prevented his utterance, his huge features became convulsed, he struggled to speak; one of his friends handed him a noggan of whisky, he drank it off, and then, apparently relieved, returned to the subject which the remembrance of his own sorrow had drawn him from,

' Well, my friends (for friends yez are to every heart in trouble,) well, what did he do, but he took the ' Natural' on himself,—the 'cutes' lad in all Cork took the ' Natural on himself,—and tumbled on before them just as a partridge or a lark (poor innocent birdeens) would do before a hound, just to 'tice it from its nest. Well, boys, he was the finest fool ye ever saw, and bore all the little innocent divarshin, such as prodding him with bagnets and the like to make him jump and twist faces for their divarshin—most wonderful!' ' They'd have spitted me in earnest to make me spin like a cockchafer once,' put in Murtogh, ' but for Mr. Spencer, God reward him, who has a heart to the poor, though he didn't know me from Adam.' ' Well, the storm forced them to stop, and having written in their copies (they're learned men,) that ' idleness is the root of all evil,' to keep their hand in, they set fire to two or three cabins, and Murtogh, one way or the other, by seeming to encourage their going on in the glen, and letting on to have great fear if they turned the grey path (the mountain road where the Banshee of the Macarthys do be wandering alone,) made them think that the scent they were on was wrong; he knew more than he'd let on, so they threatened to shoot him, and got him on his knees, and at last, dear, he confessed, that he'd guided a stranger (giving all the marks that the major's own man had tould him was on the descriptions—he's been one of us these three years and more,) and, my darling, he tould how he'd took him as far as the corpse road, and left him there in the old mill.' ' And sure,' added Murtogh, ' it was de devil's bad luck both of us had to send dem dat road at all, at all; for when dey found noting in de mill and see de square tower of de MacCarthy a little way on, dey turned savage, and because (de Lord above knows it was in airoest I was den) I swore to dem he never sheltered dere good nor bad, and dat dere was nothing in it but Molche Kavenagh and de bare walls, dey would not blive me, but pertended to tink we were still desaving dem—de tyrants of de world! to destroy de fine ould place. Master Lawrence says he knew how it 'ud be from de first, but de Lord above knows I'd no notion dey'd have done dat; and when it was done, de night was come, and dey'd noting for it but to get back as fast as dey could to Macroom.' ' A friend is better than a castle, new or old, any day,' said Lawrence, ' and if a hair of the head that has thought and risked so much for us were but injured, nothing could efface the scandal that would have fallen on us. I should not now have had my friend by my side if the scoundrels had taken their course through the glen.' MacCarthy said this in his usual bold, frank tone; but Louis' eyes were suffused with tears; he rejoiced that the dim light prevented his emotion from being seen, and he whispered something of passionate gratitude and earnest regret. Byrne re-commenced his explanation, which the few words of Lawrence had interrupted. ' Now, boys, attend to me, draw round—that's it. We all know the character that the lakes of Inchageela and these mountains have got; well, dears! you know the pass of Keim-an-eigh; you know how the rocks stand up each side of the mountains, and how the stones grew big as they grew old; you know its twists and turns, and how the ancient holly and yew trees stand about, and the ivy makes hiding-places; you know, that when you get in you don't see ten yards afore ye the way to get out. Now, boys, this is it; the morning after next, I've reason to know, the cut throat soldiers mean to scour the country, and here's a list of the gentlemen (and Black Aby among them) that's to meet 'em at the end of the pass.' There was a rush forward, every face was turned towards Byrne; countenances deeply marked by strong and vehement passions, throbbing with anxiety, were all upturned towards him. ' I'll read my list in a minute, boys, as soon as ye'll hand me over one of them bog lights, for the sight isn't what it was in my ould eyes; but before I begin that, or go any farther, so as to spread my plan before yez—how we'll bely them—tempt them—and set 'em and finish 'em, nor let one escape—give the ravens their prey, and thicken the mountain streams with the blood of our tyrants—I'd be just glad to know on yer faith an' yer hope of salvation, if ye're all book sworn, in the face of God, man, and yer country? the true, free oath, which if every man present doesn't subscribe to, we know how to make him. I ask ye again, as yes shall answer before the Almighty at the last day, are yez all sworn, boys?' But though Byrne spoke at the top of his voice, he was answered by one less powerful, but more clear and more distinct, than his own—' No!!!'

This is from Mr. Spencer, whose destiny hangs on a thread; he is, however, ultimately blindfolded and taken prisoner to a mountain fastness, and the rebellion breaks out. With its progress and repression we have not room to meddle, but must pass towards the close for an application of the moral. The schoolmaster lays his cases before the lady:

" I have it down on the slate, with one or two things to read before you go to the north; and 'd it is a pity to take Master Edward off his Latin, though it's right for a landlord to be ever and always moving about among his own people, only whils you're away I'll have a little ramble through the old places. Ah, that's it! and taking up his slate, he read: ' Betty Lanagan is very sorry the master was angry about her bringing the pigin to the house, instead of keeping it in the sty; but it was a young pig, and wilful, and fell off its flesh, because it wouldn't eat anywhere only just beside the children; but she's got a new door to the sty in place of the one she burnt, and as she'll do every thing to please the master for the future, she hopes he'll forgive her.' ' She always was a thrifless, untidy woman, Matthew.' ' She was; but her children come regularly to school, and wear sound brogues.' ' Good! If we can get them to school, the rising must be better than the passing generation. Besides, we must have patience, Matthew; so, for the sake of the young Lanagans, and the old motto of our dear friend Dean Graves, we'll forgive Betty. I wonder how long it will be before she burns the new door?' ' The weather's warm just now dear.' Ellen smiled. ' Well, Matthew, any thing else on the slate? ' Yes, ma'am, plenty. Terrence Connolly and James Duffy can't agree aboas the turf-bog, but they came to me to say if his honour would settle it once mere for them.' ' Mr. Spencer has done that three times already,' interrupted Ellen, ' but we must again have recourse to the old motto—patience; better than that a faction-fight between the Duffys and the Connollys, and as Mr. Spencer will no doubt adhere to his first decision, perhaps they may be satisfied at last.' ' Martin Murphy hopes the master will let him have half an acre more land.' ' I fear,' said Ellen, ' that will be impossible; if Martin gets half an acre more the tenants will all want additional half-acres, and there is no particular reason why he should have it; he has no claim, I think.' ' He has nine children.' ' Oh, as to that, Nelly Maginnis has ten, and Mary Dacey nine, and Norah Delancy eleven; if we begin to shew favouritism because of the number of children, there will be an end to good order; and, moreover, Martin Murphy was very obstinate about the green crops last year, and thwarted us sadly; but patience, Matthew, patience, the poor people suffer more in having their bad habits removed than we do in removing them.' ' God bless you!' said Matthew. ' Any thing else on your slate, my good master?' ' No, only I had a word to say. My deputy, as you call him, is a trifle too strict with the little boys: children are but children, and this new system of national education, though a great blessing, seems to me forcing; but I

may do well, only I wish he would not be so hard on the little boys; say a word for them, dear, do, for he doesn't mind me—he thinks I'm foolish, 'deed does he. There's little Johnny Hay and his brother Jimmy, their father spoke to me yesterday about it before he went off to the funeral.' ' What funeral?' inquired Ellen. ' Deed, just then her funeral—the ould ancient sister Anne, where you were once, and where I remember your entreating the master to have patience with the people.' ' And has that worn-out, awful woman lived till now?' inquired Ellen; ' I thought she had died long since.' ' Her life was a long penance; and she's to have no tombstone, and not to be buried with her people—only alone, not so much as a raised grave. She must have been a great einner, or they would let their bones rest together. Old Hay won't be back till to-morrow; it's a long, long journey. Here's the master himself, God bless him! and the two young ladies,' continued Matthew; ' it's enough to set any one mad to see how the people waylay him as he comes out of his own gate, and to see how he manages to hear just what is needful, and understand them as well as if he was born among them; and how they bless him, and have known him from first to last as the poor man's friend. That's a notorious Whiteboy that's talking to him now.' ' Was you mean,' said Ellen; ' I suspect that in his case, as well as in others, employment has superseded politics. He knows I know him well; and I am more pleased to see him well-dressed and cheerful, and to visit his farm, than almost any I know. There is more joy—you remember the text, Matthew?' ' Ay,' added the old man, lifting his hat, ' more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteeth, than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance.' \* \* \*

" Dear Lady Mary!" she exclaimed at last, ' I will write and ask her to come to us; she could not fail to be delighted with all you have done for the people, Edward, and with the admirable temper you have shewn—the judgment, the endurance, the wisdom, innot expecting too much, and understanding that there were quagmires as well as mountains in the way—but the people are improving, they want patient resident landlords.' ' I consider,' said Edward, ' Catholic emancipation as only the first of a series of boons, or rather, the earliest demonstration of justice, wisely given; yet if they had not agitated for it, it would never have been obtained. As long as poor Paddy crouched in his hovel, and ate his potato, he was suffered to do so, and die there unnoticed, as his fathers had died before him: at last, agitation brought him relief; and my only fear is, that the malcontents of a party will continue this agitation for what may be unattainable, not for what all wise as well as all just Englishmen earnestly desire to give the Irish—perfect equality.' \* \*

" I have not suffered the Orange party of the north to persuade me that the people of the south are all violent and bigoted, nor have the southerns so entangled me as to make me consider the Orangemen as all bitter and destroying enemies. I do not look forward to the time when

" The emerald gem of the western world" will sit on the billows like a halcyon on her nest, careless of storms; for I hear the quick beatings of their hearts, and make allowance for the richness and variety of their imaginations, while I strive to see their reason strengthened. But I am telling you all you already know, dearest, far better than I do myself. We shall do our duty if, by exhibiting the wilful or inconsiderate mistakes, the deliberate misguidance or ruinous mismanagement, of which Ireland has been for centuries the victim—we account for, if we cannot excuse, the terrible state of disruption in which at times we find this lovely and loving country. Let us endeavour to persuade England to try, or rather to continue, another course, by shewing the policy of generosity, and the wisdom of justice; and so reconcile the doubtful, or the suspicious, to the more liberal system which must be adopted in governing Ireland hereafter."

#### DISCIPLINE OF THE EYES.

Though vision be one of the most important and the most comprehensive of the senses, it is one that cannot be exercised in its full efficiency without considerable practice and self-tuition. This fact, well known in theory, was first elucidated in the case of the boy who was cured of blindness at the age of fourteen by the celebrated Cheseelden. A case of equal interest occurred lately in London, a report of which by Dr. Franz is given in the Philosophical Transactions. The leading results in both cases exactly coincide.

If a person totally blind from birth were, at a mature age, and in possession of all his other faculties, at once to obtain the full use of his eyes, one would be apt to imagine that he would perceive objects around him just as other grown up persons usually do. This, however, is by no means the case. There is none of the senses so deceptive, taken by itself, as that of vision. No just idea can be formed of any object by the eye alone; and it is only by the aid and experience of the other senses, as well as repeated practice in vision, that an accurate notion of even the simplest object can be obtained. To the inexperienced eye all objects are flat, or seen only as surfaces. All objects too, however near or distant, appear as if in one plane; so that form, size, distance, are all indistinguishable. Even colour depends upon proximity to the eye, for the brightest objects at a remote distance appear dim, and almost colourless.

The case operated upon by Dr. Franz was that of a young gentleman of seventeen years of age, the son of a physician. His right eye was quite insensible to light, and in that state called amaurotic. His left eye contained an opaque lens, of even vivid colours, but he had no idea of the forms of objects. It was on this left eye that the operation was performed, and fortunately it proved successful. As the young man possessed an intelligent mind, and had been carefully educated as far as his condition would allow, the opportunity was a favourable one to test the accuracy of former experiments.

" On opening the eye," says Dr. Franz, " for the first time on the third day after the operation, I asked the patient what he could see. He answered that he saw an extensive field of light, in which everything appeared dull, confused, and in motion. He could not distinguish objects, and the pain produced by the light forced him to close the eye immediately." Two days afterwards the eye was again exposed. " He now described what he saw as a number of opaque watery spheres, which moved with the movements of the eye; but when the eye was at rest, remained stationary, and then partially covered each other. Two days after this the eye was again opened: the same phenomena were again observed, but the spheres were less opaque, and somewhat transparent—their movements more steady, and they appeared to cover each other more than before. He was now for the first time capable, as he said, to look through the spheres, and to perceive a difference, but merely a difference, in the surrounding objects. When he directed his eye steadily towards an object, the visual impression was painful and imperfect, and the intolerance of light obliged him to desist. The appearance of spheres diminished daily; they became smaller, clearer, and more pellucid, and after two weeks disappeared. Dark brown spots (*musco solitantes*) floated before the eye every time it was opened; and when shut, especially towards evening, dark blue, violet, and red colours appeared in an upward and outward direction.

As soon as the state of the patient permitted, the following experiments on his sense of vision were instituted. They were performed in succession, and on different days, so as not to fatigue the eye too much. In the first experiment, silk ribbons of different colours, fastened on black a ground, were employed to show, first the primitive, and then the complementary colours. The patient recognised the different colours, with the exception of yellow and green, which he frequently confounded, but could distinguish when both were exhibited at the same time. Gray pleased him best, because this colour, he said, produced an agreeable and grateful sensation. The effect of red, orange, and yellow was painful, but not disagreeable; that of violet and brown not painful but disagreeable; the latter he called ugly. Black produced subjectioned colours, and white occasioned the recurrence *musca volitantes* in a most vehement degree.

In the second experiment, the patient sat with his back to the light, and kept his eyes closed. A sheet of paper, on which two strong black lines had been drawn—the one horizontal, the other vertical—was placed before him at the distance of about three feet. He was now allowed to open his eye, and, after attentive examination, he called the lines by their right denominations. When he was asked to point out with his finger the horizontal line, he moved his hand slowly, as if feeling, and pointed to the vertical line; but after a short time, observing his error, he corrected himself. The outline in black, of a square six inches in diameter, within which a circle had been drawn, and within the latter a triangle, was, after careful examination, recognised and correctly described by him. When he was asked to point out either of the figures, he never moved his hand directly and decidedly, but always as if feeling, and with the greatest caution: he pointed them out, however, correctly. A line consisting of angles, or a zig-zag and a spiral line, both drawn on a sheet of paper, he observed to be different, but could not describe them otherwise than by intimating their forms with his finger in the air. He said he had no idea of these figures.

In a third experiment, light being admitted into the room at one window only, to which the patient's back was turned, a solid cube and a sphere, each four inches in diameter, were placed before and on a level with the eye at a distance of three feet. Allowing him to move the head in a lateral direction no more than was necessary to compensate the point of view of the right eye, which was visionless, he was now desired to open his eye, and say what the objects were. After attentively examining them, he said he saw a quadrangular and a circular figure, and after some consideration he pronounced the one a square and the other a disc. His eye being again closed, the cube was taken away, and a flat disc of equal size placed next to the sphere. On opening his eye he observed no difference in these objects, but regarded them both as discs. The solid cube was now placed in a somewhat oblique position before the eye, and close beside it a figure cut out of a pasteboard, and representing a plain outline prospect of the cube when in this position: both objects he took to be something like flat quadrilaterals. A pyramid placed before him with one of its sides towards his eye, he saw as a plain triangle. This object was now turned a little, so as to present two of its sides to view, but rather more of one side than of another. After considering it for a long time, he said it was a very extraordinary figure; it was neither a triangle, nor a quadrangle, nor a circle. He had no idea of it, and could not describe it. When subsequently the three solid bodies, the sphere, the cube, and the triangle were placed in his hands, he was much surprised that he had not recognised them as such by sight, as he was well acquainted with these solid mathematical figures by touch.

There was another peculiarity in his impressions: when he first began to look at objects, they all appeared to him so near, that he was sometimes afraid of coming in contact with them, though many were in reality at a great distance. He saw everything much larger than he had supposed, from the idea obtained by his sense of touch. All moving, and especially living objects, such as men and horses, appeared to him very large. If he wished to form an estimate of the distance of objects from his own person, or of two objects from each other, without moving from his place, he examined the objects from different points of view, by turning his head to the right and to the left. Of perspective in pictures, he had of course no idea. He could distinguish the individual objects in paintings, but could not understand the meaning of the whole picture. It appeared to him unnatural, for instance, that the figure of a man represented in the front of the picture should be larger than a house or a mountain in the back ground. Every surface appeared to him perfectly flat. Thus, though he knew very well by his touch that the nose was prominent, and the eyes sunk deeper in the head, he saw the human face only as a plane. Though he possessed an excellent memory, this faculty was at first quite deficient as regarded vision: he was not able, for example, to recognise visitors unless he heard them speak, till he had seen them very frequently. Even when he had seen an object repeatedly, he could form no idea of its visible qualities in his imagination, without having the real object before him. Formerly, when he had dreamt of persons—of his parents for instance—he felt them, and heard their voices, but never saw them; but now, after having seen them frequently, he saw them also in his dreams.

The human face pleased him more than any other object presented to his view. The eyes he thought most beautiful, especially when in motion; the nose disagreeable, on account of its form and great prominence; the movement of the lower jaw in eating he considered very ugly. Although the newly acquired sense afforded him many pleasures, the great number of strange and extraordinary sights was often disagreeable and wearisome to him. He said that he saw too much novelty, which he could not comprehend; and even though he could see both near and remote objects very well, he would nevertheless continually have recourse to the use of the sense of touch.

Such are the nature of our impressions in early infancy, before vision becomes to us a true exposition of the forms and relative positions of objects. And such is the effect of habit and association, that the actual deceptions which the sense of sight, when taken alone, is continually presenting to us, can be appreciated or detected by the philosophic inquirer.

#### BROCK THE SWIMMER.

Amongst the sons of labour, there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of England. To those unacquainted with maritime affairs, it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy, are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen, and during the autumn, winter, and spring, when gales are most frequent on our coast, in going off in boats to vessels in distress in all weathers, at the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for waifs (that is, anything abandoned or wrecked) which the winds and waves may have cast in their way. In our seaports these persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to

the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them; this too often leads to feats of the greatest daring, which the widow and the orphan have long to deplore. To one of these companies, known by the name of 'Layton's,' whose rendezvous and 'look-out' is close to Yarmouth Jetty, Brock belongs, and of him the following anecdote is recorded.

About 1 P.M., on the 6th of October 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing east distant about twelve miles. In a space of time incredible to those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl 'Increase,' eighteen tons burden, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London branch pilot, was under weigh steering for the object of their enterprise. 'I was as near as possible being left on shore,' said Brock to me; 'for at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck then practising, and but for the "singing out" of my messmates, which caught my ear, should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet.' About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, Paquette de Bilbao, laden with a general cargo, and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky, and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage (always the case with foreigners), and some little alteration with part of the boat's crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt pilot), J. Woolsey, and George Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbour. The remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the eastward of the Newarp Floating Light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looking squally. On passing the light in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off and set all sail (three lug-sails): they had a fresh breeze from the W. S. W. And now again my readers shall have Brock's own words:—'there was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed. Most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main-sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern: we had talked of our job (that is, our earnings), and had just calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth.' This hope proved fallacious. 'Without the slightest notice of its approach, a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant.'

This dreadful catastrophe plunged all who were on board the yawl or boat into the sea. 'It was terrible,' said Brock, 'to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, while others could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out, to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk; and on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her; but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest, I again left her and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say: in such cases, sir, there is no time: but now I reflected that it was half-past six P.M. just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was six miles distant; that it was dead low water, and the flood-tide setting off the shore, making to the southward; therefore, should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me.'

At this moment a rush horse-collar covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he had laid hold of, and getting his knife out, he stripped it of the net work, and, by putting his left hand through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trousers, which then fell off. His striped frock, waistcoat, and neck cloth, were also similarly got rid of; but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt: he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming; and after a few moments, thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming a-head of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moon beams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him.

Up to this time Winterton Light had served, instead of a land-mark, to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead a bright star stood over where his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that 'fear is but the betraying of the succours which reason offereth'; and that which roused him to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short crackling peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled: the moon (nearly full) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavily-laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross-sand Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, 'took him rather aback,' as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St Nicholas Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seemed almost superhuman: he

had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by : he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up ; and the question was, could he yet hold out four miles ? But, as he says, ' I knew the night air would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon the buoy, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office ? ' He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke. It did not run so strong ; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, towards which with the wind from the eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a sort of whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the ' rushing of a mighty wind,' and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard

' When the lone sea bird wakes its widest cry.'

The fact was, a large gray gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil. These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands), the breakers at this time showing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed, the consequence of which was, that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own description :—' I got a great deal of water down my throat which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that should this continue, it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you I had driven over the sands into smooth water, the wind and swell came again from the eastward, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning.'

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the northward ; and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But, said Brock, ' If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach ! And supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house ? If not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me ; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore.' Brock was fortunately answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half-past 1 A.M., having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig *Betsy* of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized.

Once safe on board, ' nature cried enough ; ' he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by the captain and his crew ; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm ; and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length, with great difficulty, enabled to swallow a little of the ale ; but it caused excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from inhaling so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time, fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly fayed : the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings, were also excoriated. In this state, at about 9 A.M., the brig getting under weigh with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoft in Suffolk, whence he immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of her crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, he was enabled to walk back to Yarmouth in five days from the time of the accident. The knife, which he considers as the great means of his being saved, is preserved with great care, and in all probability will be shown a century hence by his descendants. It is a common horn-handled knife, having one blade about five inches long. A piece of silver is now riveted on, and covers one side, on which is the following inscription, giving the names of the crew of the yawl when she upset :—' Brown, Emerson, Smith, Bray, Budds, Fenn, Rushmore, Boult : Brock, aided by this knife, was saved after being seven and a half hours in the sea, sixth Oct. 1836.'

' It was a curious thing, sir,' said Brock, as I was listening to his extraordinary narrative, ' that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two days before it became so useful to me ; and having to make some boat's tholes, it was as sharp as a razor.'

I know not what phrenologists might say to Brock's head, but I fancied, whilst studying his very handsome face and expression of countenance, that there I could see his heart. His bodily proportions, excepting height, are Herculean, standing only 5 feet 5 inches high ; his weight, without any protuberance of body, is 14 stone ; his age at the time spoken of was 31 ; his manners are quiet, yet communicative ; he tells his tale neither tainted by bombast nor any clap-trap to awaken the sympathies of those of the ' Wrexhill school' that have flocked about him. In the honest manliness of his heart he thus addressed me just before parting :—' I always considered Emerson a better swimmer than myself ; but, poor fellow, he did not hold out long. I ought to be a good-living chap, sir, for three times have I been saved by swimming.'

One trait more, which he did not tell me, and I have done. A very good subscription was made for the widows and children of Brock's unfortunate companions, and a fund being established for their relief, the surplus was offered to him. This was his answer :—' I am obliged to you, gentlemen, but thank God, I can still get my own living as well as ever, and I could not spend the money that way given to the fatherless and the widow.'

We may add, that Brock still survives, and is by no means a stranger to the inhabitants of Yarmouth and its neighbourhood, or the numerous visitors who frequent this part of the coast.

An English Company has offered to deepen the Tiber, demanding from the Papal Government no other pay than the monuments of antiquity which may be found in the bed of the river.

### THE GOLD MINE OF SAN SABA, A RECORD OF INDIAN FIGHT.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN, AUTHOR OF "THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE, &c."

" The Indians soon found that their endeavour to rout us by fire had proved this time a failure, discovering which, they reoccupied the points of rocks, trees, bushes, &c., and commenced another attack upon us, discharging their rifles and bows at us with the utmost perseverance. We replied by shots, few and far between, reserving our fire in all instances until it was sure to tell with effect. Volley after volley succeeded one another from both sides for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. Our situation was now, it may easily be believed, most dangerous, should the Indians be enabled to set fire to the small spot which we occupied, and we kept, therefore, a strict watch all around, as you are well aware an Indian will deceive Lucifer himself by his cunning. The two mulatto lads, Gonzales and Charles, were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up additional stones and boughs, to place, rampart-like round our wounded men. We ourselves were engaged in a hot contest with the enemy, whom we were well aware would not be long without discovering some means of taking advantage of the unfavourable change in the wind, especially if we did not keep them warmly employed. Presently, however, despite our utmost vigilance, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek, and throwing a brand amongst the grass which lay between the river and our camp. Before, however, he could make good his retreat to his companions, he was detected and killed by Robert Armstrong.

" We now gave ourselves almost entirely up to despair, as we could see no chance of escape for one of us. Our position may be said to have been truly awful. The fire, devouring the parched grass, was coming down rapidly before the wind, the flames bursting ten feet high, and making directly for the spot which we occupied, filling the atmosphere with a dense and pungent vapour, most disagreeable and painful both to our eyes and lungs. Each second the fire approached nearer and nearer. What what to be done ! To remain was, as far as we could now see, to be burnt alive,—to take to the prairie was to be driven among the savages and to be pitilessly slaughtered. The Indians were aware of the critical nature of our position, and were proportionably encouraged. To mark their sense of victory, and to render our case the more awful, their whoops and yells rent the air in every direction ; at the same time, lest all this should prove insufficient to occupy our attention, they fired amongst us about twenty shots a minute. The smoke, borne down upon us by the wind, soon completely enveloped us, and, as soon as we were entirely hid from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to the best course which we could pursue. Our first impression was that they would charge us under the cover of the smoke, which was by no means an agreeable prospect, since we knew ourselves able to make but one effectual fire,—the sparks already flying about so thickly that no man dared open his powder horn, for fear of blowing up. We, however, determined, should they make the attempt, to sell our lives as dearly as possible and, accordingly, we concluded to give them one fire, place our backs together, draw our knives, and fight them as long as one amongst us was left alive. The next question was, should they not have courage to trifle with our despair, what was to be done ! since there appeared no other prospect but that of being burnt up, like a snake in his hole, which was by no means an encouraging aspect of affairs. We, however, decided just as the fire encircled us completely, bushes, trees, grass, everything flaming around us in every direction, that each man should for the present take care of himself, until the element had wasted its force, while our baggage, persons, horses, and wounded, should be smothered in buffalo robes, deer skins, bear's hides, and blankets, to keep off the sparks ; which was accordingly done.

" Couching down, therefore, each man desperately grasped his rifle, and waited the result. We could scarcely breathe from the smoke, but still I could not forbear gazing with curiosity upon the singular appearance of our encampment. A plot of ground, about a dozen yards square every way, had been surrounded by a rude breastwork formed of bushes, stones, our baggage, and the bodies of five horses killed by the Indians ; over all this was spread the blankets, &c., as above described. In one corner, lying down in a confused heap, were the rest of our cattle, tied almost neck and heels, and suffering severely from hunger and thirst ; which last was not much allayed by the scorching blast which now blew over them. Near at hand were the wounded, Buchanan and Doyle, as well as the body of the unfortunate M'Caslin. We ourselves, seated on our hams, covered over almost wholly by our mantles, grasping our fire-arms, were occupying whatever position was thought most convenient. Night had drawn in, and in the gloom of evening the flames, the smoke, the flying sparks were doubly vivid, covering us by a complete canopy of vapour and fire, the wind blowing it right over our heads. Suddenly, however, the bushes ceased to afford fuel, and in a few minutes ashes and smoke were alone surrounding us.

" As soon as the dense vapour subsided in *toto* we had leisure to examine our position, and, finding that the thicket no longer afforded us any shelter, we determined to remain within the ring originally formed to protect our wounded men and baggage, and accordingly employed ourselves in strengthening it as much as possible, building the breastwork higher with whatever stones we could pick up in the inside, and with earth dug up with our knives and sticks. During this time the Indians were engaged in removing their dead and wounded, and appeared little disposed to renew the contest. It was now two hours past sundown, and we had been engaged with them since the morning, in an uninterrupted fight of thirteen hours. Presently, approaching, and seeing us alive, and ready again to cope with them, they drew off, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded.

" We now snatched a brief hour of repose, of which we were sore in need, after so long and unremitting a contest, eating also a small quantity of food, and rendering every possible assistance to Buchanan and Doyle, by bandaging and washing their wounds. The hour being passed, we again commenced working at the fortifications, with the object of raising them higher, and succeeded in getting them rather above the level of our breasts by ten o'clock. We then filled our skins, gourds, and other vessels with water from the neighbouring creek, as we fully expected a protracted siege ; and, in order to obviate any inconvenience which might arise from the dead horses, we took care entirely to cover them with earth, without moving them from the very useful place they occupied in the ramparts. To the living animals we gave water, and a small supply of grass, torn hastily from the edge of the creek, where the dampness of the soil had arrested the progress of the fire, which, however, yet smouldered in some few portions of the thicket around us.

" All these matters being satisfactorily completed, at midnight we were summoned to a duty of a more solemn nature,—that of burying our dead. From amid our baggage we had taken two shovels and a pickaxe, provided in

order to try the gold mine of San Saba, and which had proved of much service in throwing up the breastwork ; we now, however, put them to another use, commencing to dig a grave, James Bowie, Armstrong, and Wallace using the tools, while I, Razin Bowie, Cephas Hamm, and Coriell, stood around, holding a torch of pitch-pine, with which we always took care to be provided. Each man was silent, wrapped in his own thoughts ; all were fatigued, wounded, and sad, yet uncertain that our bodies might not lie here even more unceremoniously than that of our friend. The spectacle struck me as exceedingly awful and extraordinary. The grave being dug to a depth of three feet, a moment of repose and hesitation followed, during which, raising my torch, and casting its glare both on those who stood around and in the pit, I observed that every man was violently moved by the solemnity and melancholy nature of the scene. The two Bowies then lifted up the body, lowered it into the grave, placed by its side his powder horn, shot bag, in short, all his accoutrements, save his fowling-piece, too necessary in the combat, especially as having two barrels, to be spared. In five minutes more a white man's grave rose in the midst of the wild desert of New Mexico,—a bloody and lasting monument of the strife and contention of the day. At no great distance the discomfited and disappointed Indians, more ceremonious in their grief, were crying and wailing over their dead preparatory to their obsequies ; and, about one in the morning, a volley of small arms proclaimed the fulfilment of an Indian custom,—a mortally wounded chief had been shot. The cries and howls were then renewed with extraordinary vigour, and endured until dawn.

" We, taking guard in turns, lay down to snatch an anxious moment of repose. We were truly much in need of it, but of course it was unsettled and broken ; especially as our wounded, as well as the poor cattle, were very restless,—the former complaining of want of some cooling medicine of which necessary we were quite deficient. Towards daybreak the Indians started for a hill distant about three miles, where, in a celebrated cave in the side of the mountain, they interred the slain ; and, this done, filed off, and were lost in the woods, carrying their wounded with them, as if about entirely to depart,—a species of manoeuvre far too slight to outwit a party of regular backwoods men. About eight in the morning, ere the funeral rites of our enemies were concluded, I and Bowie took our guns and walked to the Indian encampment, which we found totally deserted ; but forty-eight bloody spots in a long row, on the grass, marked the number of their dead, and we calculated that they must have thirty more wounded. Our casualties were, one killed, three severely wounded, eight slightly, five horses killed, and three wounded. This disparity is easily explained by our being entrenched within a thicket, also by our being superior marksmen, and having better rifles.

" The fact, however, of all hands being more or less disabled, decided us on remaining in the fort, at all events for that day ; and all those who were able recommended strengthening it from the outside, and continued their labour patiently until about an hour after mid-day, when the arrival of thirteen Indians drove us again within the fort. They did not, however, think it advisable to come within gun-shot, and seeing that we were still there ready for action, and well fortified, also that we were not to be induced by the smallness of their numbers to give chase, they passed off ; not before, however, we had elevated a red silk handkerchief on one of our ramrods, in token of defiance.

" That evening and night, as well as during the whole of the next day, we received no molestation, the Indians being neither seen nor heard of. Our camp, in the midst of the black stumps of live oak, and the ashes of the thicket and grass, alone giving signs of life. Knowing, however, their devilish cunning, and, besides, aware of our own deplorable weakness, we ventured no further from the fort than to collect fodder for our horses ; during one of which expeditions Wallace killed a fine buck, and Bowie a couple of wild turkeys, a kind of food exceedingly pleasant and welcome to us. Of provender for our cattle we took care to provide a good supply, knowing well that on them depended our ultimate escape from the hand of the heathen. In order therefore, to give some exercise to their crippled limbs, and to promote the circulation of the blood, we continually walked them round the interior of the camp. It was impossible to take them out and in, with rapidity, without making an entrance in the breastwork, which would have proved somewhat inconvenient.

" The evening, however, of the third day was exceedingly dark and cloudy, we accordingly kept a bright look-out in every direction, satisfied that the Indians would not fail to choose this opportunity for a surprise if they intended again to molest us. The horrors of a night contest, hand to hand, were too well known to us, not to wish to keep them at a distance if possible. About ten, the moon peeping slightly and faintly through a cloud, Coriell, who was mounting guard, without moving an inch from his position, whispered to be close and ready, for a dark mass of Indians were creeping stealthily along the creek, preparatory to a rush on the camp. All remained quiet as death,—a gentle breeze sighed across the plain,—we held our very breath, grasping our rifles with fierce and angry determination.

" In obedience to the advice of Razin, Armstrong, Wallace, Hamm, as well as Gonzales and Charles, armed with Buchanan and Doyle's rifles, stood back, while M'Caslin's double barreled gun was placed in reach of my hand. Peering through a line of rude loopholes we had made in our rampart, we could plainly perceive the whole body of the Indians, like a dark living column, advancing cautiously along the creek. They were about fifty yards from us when Bowie whispered ' Fire,' and the still night air resounded with the report of our arms and the cries of the vexed and astonished varmint, while the bright flash illuminated for an instant the darkness. Momentarily staggered, the Indians appeared to hesitate whether to advance or retreat, when Bowie gave them his reserved fire, while I poured in M'Caslin's two barrels among them. The second division then advanced, and gave the whooping and retreating Indians the benefit of their rifles, which they acknowledged by a general discharge, and all for the moment was again still.

" Our position was now by far more critical than it had ever yet been ; the Indians, apparently in larger force than before, were surrounding us on all sides, well armed, and supplied with ample ammunition, while we had not twenty loads a-piece, with the chance of suffering a long, wearisome protracted siege. We determined, therefore, to be most sparing of our shots, never firing more than one gun at a time, unless the Indians charged, and always being sure of our man ere we pulled the trigger. This necessary economy was peculiarly unfortunate, as the enemy could not fail to discover the real reason of our apparent apathy, and be wondrously invigorated and encouraged by the knowledge of our weakness.

" About ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, and the contest was again renewed, the Indians pouring a rapid and heavy fire upon us from almost every quarter, to which, for some time, we were utterly without giving an answer ; but presently, as they came too near, and were visible from the repeated flashes, we picked out two or three of the most daring, and laid them low, when all was again silence and darkness. For several hours matters continued thus, scat-

tered fires being opened upon us, which we rarely answered, but when we did so, never without effect. Suddenly, after a more than ordinarily hot volley, a dark body rolled over the rampart, stood in our midst, and saluted us. It was the Mexican Indian captive above alluded to, who, under such perilous circumstances, preserved the usual cool and collected manner assumed by all the men of the nation of which he had become a member. He had gained an entrance totally unperceived by any one of us, and at his first aspect, every knife was drawn to stab him ; but recognising his voice, we inquired how he came in, and with what object. He briefly replied, that accidentally hearing of the renewed attack of the Indians on our party, Isaonie had determined to form a junction with us, for which purpose, leaving his horses a day's march in the wood, guarded only by one man, he now lay with fifteen warriors under cover of the creek, awaiting our decision as to whether we would receive him or not. We one and all, knowing the unflinching fidelity which Isaonie had ever shown to the Americans, determined to admit him without hesitation, though, as he bad before told us he was without ammunition, we saw no prospect of his being of use to us, unless in the event of a close hand to hand contest. Such a result was of course very probable, and there the Comanches would be exceedingly valuable. The instant our decision was made known to the Mexican, the croak of an old raven appeared to rise hoarsely over our heads, and, apparently satisfied with the signal, the envoy seated himself in the corner of the fort, and awaited the result.

" A few minutes elapsed—during which repeated volleys from the enemy kept our attention distracted—when we saw a body, to all appearance that of an animal, crawling towards our stronghold from the creek, along the bottom of a slight hollow, open to us, but not to the enemy, and followed at intervals by several others. In a quarter of an hour more, Isaonie and his fifteen warriors were seated around us in silence on the bare earth, coolly smoking a pipe, which passed from mouth to mouth, and which Bowie had offered them. While the rest were keeping up an occasional contest with the Indians, I and Razin conferred with Isaonie apart, informing him of our want of ammunition, and the fact that at the old San Saba fort, ample powder and lead were to be found.

" Isaonie immediately laid aside his gun, stripped himself completely, save the girdle which encircled his middle, and stood up prepared for a journey. I saw his intention, and knowing that explanation was unnecessary with an Indian, also left my gun, powder horn, &c., preserving only my red flannel hunting shirt, buckskin trousers, and moccasins, and was ready to accompany him as soon as I had seen that my bowie-knife was in its sheath, a weapon which in such cases I never yet parted with. I then explained in a few words to our companions what were our intentions, who thanked me cordially ; and Isaonie, having selected a young and gigantic youth from amid his warriors, motioned us to follow him. We cautiously crossed the breast work, Isaonie leading the van ; and crawling on our hands and knees, and sometimes flat on our bellies, through the ashes and charcoal, reached in a few minutes the edge of the stream. We there paused an instant, but though we listened with the utmost care, not a round of pursuit appeared to proceed from the Indian force. We accordingly continued our journey, and advancing a little way down the edge of the stream, in the same manner as before, crossed it, and stood upright, ready for our expedition on the opposite bank, in a small grove of lofty cedars. Our progress was slow and tedious ; at one time we had to creep through dense underwood, beneath overhanging bushes, across logs, which formed bridges over hollows ; and as day began to peer through the tops of the trees, we found ourselves on the banks of a river, which was almost completely hid by the luxuriant vegetation of the forest, which, in this part of the interior, equals the woods of East and West Florida.

" ' Rio San Saba,' said Isaonie, giving it the Spanish name, and entering upon a track which had once been hard beaten, but now was rank with grass, and which led us in a few minutes in sight of the fort. San Saba church and encampment are situated on a gentle eminence, close to the river ; their appearance I have already described to you. Entering by a broken and dilapidated gate, I could not but remark with regret how easily the position might have been held without loss of life, the entrance having been once barred up. For I felt sure that within its walls the Indians could not have inflicted a wound upon us, as the loop holes, which appeared here and there, were so framed that they could be fired through without the besieged being seen, while no ball from the assailants could penetrate them at any angle, without first striking against a thick iron bar. But regrets were now useless, so I entered the church, advanced to the crumbling altar, which having dug into with our knives, we found what we sought—three kegs of excellent powder, and upwards of forty pounds' weight of leaden bullets.

" The chief, without a word, threw a keg of powder and three bags of lead on his shoulders, having done which, he again, followed by us, left the fort of San Saba, and once more advanced towards the forest on our way back to the camp. We now of course travelled more slowly than ever, the weight of our ammunition being considerable, and the ways no less difficult than they were before. Advancing along the path above mentioned, we struck into the forest, walking with extreme caution, and in total silence, our ears attentive to every sound. After a painful march of two hours, during which we suffered much from fatigue, we succeeded in reaching a position within a mile of our camp, when Isaonie threw down his powder and lead, seated himself quietly on the grass, and intimated that it was his intention to remain there until nightfall. Satisfied of the wisdom of his proceeding, I offered no objection ; but followed his example, leaning my back against a tree, and listening attentively to the sounds of strife which came every now and then from the direction of the camp.

" The spot which the Indian chief had chosen for our concealment, was a little hollow in the centre of a dense grove of trees, where, during heavy rains the water would collect, forming a pond, covered after dry weather by long and rank grass. Lofty and sombre cedars surrounded it on every side, their boughs meeting above, and excluding the light of the sun, while the eye caught here and there an avenue amid the trees, through which one could, in some sort, penetrate the universal gloom which surrounded us.

" I could not sleep ; my anxiety with regard to my friends was too great, being well aware that a very few rounds would leave them entirely deprived of ammunition ; it was therefore with the most intense interest that I heard volley after volley, proving at least that they had not been compelled to surrender. At times the discharges were very hot, but, I fancied, entirely on one side, while I thought I could recognize at intervals an, occasional report from the guns of my friends.

" Presently Isaonie opened his eyes, appeared, though motionless to be engaged in catching some distant sound, then said to me in English—

" ' The Wacco is a dog, but he has eyes. He has seen us.'

" This somewhat startling communication was followed by his rising and

summoning us to proceed. Loading ourselves with the utmost haste, we followed Isaonie, I breathless with excitement; for at no great distance I had heard the crackling of boughs, as if trod on by the foot of man; and presently the voice of Indians, close at hand, calling to one another, as if dispersed in the forest, satisfied whatever doubt I might previously have entertained. It will readily be believed that I gave myself up for lost, especially when in a very few minutes a loud cry from the hollow where we had been encamped, proved that they had tracked us thither, and were close upon our trail.

"At the moment when their whoop was heard we were upon the edge of the creek which ran past our fort, from which we were then distant about three-quarters of a mile. No time, it was evident, as to be lost, and accordingly Isaonie sprang with wondrous agility into a tree, swung himself across the brook from the upper branches caught the kegs and bags of bullets as they were thrown him by his warrior, and we them followed his example, being concealed in the branches of a huge sycamore, around which grew a dense mass of oak, cacti, &c. Isaonie told us to remain still, then springing to the ground, he walked back a little, and showed himself as if escaping, to our pursuers, six in number, who no sooner saw him than they fired their guns, and followed in full chase. He led them, as we could plainly perceive, from the camp; and as soon as we thought them too far distant to catch the sound of our footsteps, we cautiously descended took our load on our backs, I carrying two kegs and a bag of bullets, the Indian another keg and the rest of the lead, and, despite our burden fell into a brisk trot, which soon brought us in view of the camp, a distance of some hundred yards. Halting to catch breath, we observed that not an Indian was to be seen, and we entered the fort, therefore unperceived.

"Here we learnt that, after fighting all day, and vainly endeavouring to rout our company, the Comanches remained perfectly concealed all the time, the enemy has suddenly drawn off at the sound of rifles discharged in the woods, anxious by all means to make prisoner what they could but suppose was a reinforcement. We swore, however, that they would very speedily return, powder and ball were distributed to the Comanches, and being all loaded and ready, we waited most anxiously to learn the fate of the friendly chief. Several shots had been fired in various directions since our entrance, and presently Isaonie, followed by his pursuers at no great distance, appeared on the opposite bank of the creek, which he cleared at a bound, and next minute was at the head of his men. A volley from twenty seven guns drove back the astonished and disappointed Indians in the utmost confusion, and after a few minutes' hesitation, the contest was renewed, feebly and dispiritedly on the part of the besiegers, though volley after volley was poured in without intermission upon our camp, and replied to no less warmly on the other side. Still there was no attempt made to charge us; there chief did not even encourage them to it.

"Night slowly closing in, the enemy drew off, and entrenched themselves at some distance; a council was then held in our camp, where various propositions having been hazarded, debated, and nothing decided on, Isaonie at length stood up and laid before us a plan for immediately attacking the enemy in their turn, and thus to finish the contest at once. Our assent was given with enthusiasm, and amid general acclamation Razin Bowie complimenting the Comanche chief on his devotion to our cause.

"About ten, when the whole sky was wrapped in utter darkness, we left the fort in charge of a Mexican, an Indian, Gonzales, and Charles, while we reparated into two parties, severally commanded by Isaonie and Razin Bowie. Skirting the creek with the utmost caution, we soon reached a position within fire of their encampment, which was situated in the centre of a dense mass of mesquit bush, their horses picketed in the middle, and high prairie grass surrounded them. The wind was from the north east, Bowie, therefore, and his party of white men and Indians, having located themselves to the south west, on the creek where he divided his forces; Isaonie and I did the same to the north. One sentinel was observed keeping watch within the camp; but so stealthy had been our approach, that he was gazing out upon the space which lay between our encampments instead of looking for danger close at hand. One of the Comanches taking to the small grass, with a small torch, which he hid beneath his person as he crawled, gained the outer edge of the thicket, a dense mass of dry and inflammable brush, which caught the flame with the utmost ease. In an instant the whole camp was on fire, the Indians shooting several blazing arrows from their rifles, to add to the conflagration. The Wacos, thus fearfully started from their slumbers, rushed in search of their arms; their horses, furious amid the sparks and flames on every side, neighed, stamped, and tore themselves in vain endeavours to free themselves. At length they succeeded, and away they flew in the direction of the water. Meantime we poured in volley after volley upon the distracted enemy, as their dark and swarthy figures were caught sight of amid the blaze and smoke. They were too much engaged in avoiding the fire to reply to our discharges; but at last in despair, collecting their energies for one bold attempt, they dashed through the flames, and though several were laid low by our rifles, and not a few fell beneath the knives of the Comanches, yet a remnant escaped, and sought safety in the interior of the pathless forest. We then returned to our camp, and that night rested in peace.

"Five days more we rested in the fort, recruiting our men and cattle, at the expiration of which time, Isaonie having sent for his horses, and being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to San Antonio de Bexar, not before, however, we had fired a general volley over the grave of poor M'Caslin. We travelled all day without intermission, when night drawing in, we picked out an advantageous position, fortified ourselves, and here remained two days, as we felt much fatigued, and the movement made Buchanan and Doyle complain very much. Here the former's wounded leg mortified, and having no surgical instruments or medicine at hand,—not even a dose of salts,—we boiled some live oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin. At the expiration of five days, we looked at it; the mortified part dropped off, and his leg is now as well as ever.

"On the twelfth day after this we arrived, with our wounded men and horses, at San Antonio de Bexar, where we failed not to return our public thanks to God for preservation."

I thanked the Colonel for his interesting narrative, and after a few more words of conversation, we wrapped ourselves in our own thoughts, and were soon fast asleep.

#### WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA.

*Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara in 1843—45.* By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D.—2 vols. 8vo.—J. W. Parker.

Whilst Dr. Wolff was prosecuting his humane mission to Bokhara, the public were so judiciously gratified by periodical accounts of his progress, perils, and ultimate rescue from the fangs of Eastern despotism, that, in so far as re-

gards those travels, we find here little more than an amplification of the incidents. But still it is a work of much interest. It sets out with a biographical sketch of the Doctor's earlier years, conversion from Judaism to the Romish religion, and thence to the Protestant faith, and his missionary toils through many remote and barbarous regions. At last, coming to the more immediate subject, the author broadly states:—

"For the quietude of soul of the friends of those murdered officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, I have to observe, that they were both of them cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara, after enduring agonies from confinement in prison of the most fearful character, masses of their flesh having been gnawed off their bones by vermin, in 1843. The cause of these foul atrocities being practised on them, the positive agent of their entire misery, was the nayeb of Nasir Ullah Behadur, ameer of Bokhara, Abdul Samut Khan. I charge on that pretended friend of the English nation this foul atrocity. I wish that this open declaration of mine should find insertion in the Persian newspapers published at Lahore and Delhi. I wish it to reach the ameer of Bokhara, in order that that sovereign, whose ear has been much abused by that foul miscreant, should perceive that he has been led to act under false and erroneous impressions with regard to the real objects at heart of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and that Abdul Samut Khan intended to have added me to their bloody graves. I appeal to his understanding, whether a letter from England then received from any of our authorities would not also probably have led me, a simple traveller, to share the fate of these diplomatic agents of England. I assert that Abdul Samut Khan, the nayeb, wished me further to give him thirty thousand tillahs to effect the death of the very sovereign who has so highly honoured him. These are grave charges,—let the Persian come into the lists and disprove them."

We do not think this challenge will be accepted; and truly, if the ameer happens to hear of the Doctor's heavy charges, we are inclined to fancy that Abdul Samut's head would not be very firm on his shoulders. But leaving him to his retributive fate, we pass to a few passages in the revelations respecting the residence in Bokhara, which will at least entertain our readers, while they display some of the Doctor's modes of speaking and acting.

"Makhram Kasem came to have some private conversation with the nayeb. I retired a few minutes; afterward the nayeb called out, 'Yousuf Wolff, come here.' I came; he told me, 'Makhram Kasem has just brought me a piece of news; but fear not, for the king knows that the intent of it is to involve him in a war with England.' W. 'What news?' Nayeb. 'Aboul Kouli Khan has arrived here with five requests from Muhammed Shah. The first request of the King of Persia is, that he (the ameer) should put you to death. The Haje Mirza Aghasee wrote the same. Those Kajar are fathers of the curse, but fear not; I shall see the King next Sunday.' I shut myself up in one of his rooms, and prayed; and soon after, when the nayeb went to his bazaar, Behadur came to me, and said, 'I am not an Irane (Persian), I am a Hindoo—I have eaten the salt of Englishmen. If you like, I will let you escape, and bring you to Khoollom, and thence go with you to India; but don't tell the nayeb of it.' We agreed that we should leave that very evening; but in the evening I found a carawal (guard) around my bed. I also observed that the nayeb had sent a private message to the King. The morning following, a Makhram, whom I hitherto had not seen, came in great agitation, and said, 'You must go to town—you are here tired; the King orders you.' As the nayeb was up stairs, I called out, 'Nayeb!' The rascal came down. The hue of his complexion was quite black; I almost started at the sight. I asked him whether he knew the King's order. He said, 'Yes; and you must obey.' This absolute contradiction of his express promise to protect me, even from the ameer himself, incensed me beyond bounds, and I said, 'I now see that the people are right, who say that you are the cause that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been killed; you are a liar, a traitor, and a rascal! you intend to kill me too.' To this he replied, 'Yes, I have killed them; Stoddart quarrelled with me and my brother, who is a Haje, in my garden, about tillahs.' I then said, 'Liar! why did you always tell me that Stoddart and Conolly have always been your friends?' He replied, 'I know how to treat you Franks as you ought to be treated.' The Makhram again said that I must go with him. I said, 'No,' and saying this, I ran out of the garden over a low part of the wall, when Behadur followed me, and said, 'Now I will let you escape.' He brought me, first of all, to the garden belonging to the nayeb's son, Abdulla, which garden is not yet quite finished, where, on a former occasion, the nayeb told me that he intended to construct a fortress to defend himself in case of need against the ameer; when, quite against all expectation, Ameer Aboul Kasem was brought to me by the nayeb's order. He informed me that he was the intended ambassador for England. [Note I have forgotten to mention above, that the nayeb advised me, when an ambassador was first proposed, and the proposal accepted, that I should administer poison to him on the road, which of course I rejected with horror.] I said to Ameer Aboul Kasem, 'I know that the ameer intends to kill me; and as I had a little paper and ink with me, I wrote a note to the nayeb, saying, "Now I know that you are a traitor and a liar! and that you will kill me as you have killed Stoddart and Conolly;" and I gave the note to Ameer Aboul Kasem, who gave it to the nayeb. Behadur then brought me, through a water-hole, to the house of the yawer (in jar), situated about three hundred feet distance from the nayeb's house, whence Behadur and the yawer promised to let me escape that very evening. The evening approached, when the yawer came and said that the ameer, under the supposition that I had escaped, had sent soldiers on all the different roads to pursue me; it would be therefore better for me to stay there until the troops of the ameer had come back; and after they had given up pursuing me, he (the yawer) and Behadur would accompany me to Shah Sabz, Khoollom, and even as far as India. I told them that I was convinced that the nayeb was a traitor and a liar, in whose words in future I should place no reliance, and that I expected my fate with patience and resignation. Both Behadur and the yawer went out of the room, when a female, in the most coquettish manner, and unveiled, entered it. I at once observed the trap, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, and with great apparent rage, 'Go to hell!' The yawer and Behadur immediately entered, and asked what was the matter. I explained the whole. It was the same trick which the rascally nayeb tried to play to Stoddart and Conolly, for I heard from different people that the same stratagem had been practised on them, with a view to forcing them to become Muhammedans, but in vain. To this he compels every slave he takes, in order to sell the issue from them as slaves. I slept at night in the house of the yawer, Behadur and Hussein Ali, both servants of the nayeb, near me, and when I told them that they should sleep at a greater distance from me, they objected that the nayeb had ordered them to do so; but I pushed them away by force. The next morning, one of the King's head officers came and ordered me, in the name of the King, to go to town, and that I should instantly receive leave for my departure. I obeyed; but previous to this I was brought to the nayeb, where the rascal told

me that he had given twenty tillahs to the head officer, that he should treat me with respect, and that I should get leave to depart after twenty days."

At a future period "an Affghan Seyd entered the garden, and said, 'Aye, you Kafir! have you succeeded in cheating the ameer, so that he let you go? If he had only given you into my hands, I would soon have made away with you by my javelin.' Abbas Kouli Khan said to him, 'Go, and leave the Frankee alone; he is a deriveesh.' A deriveesh!" he sneeringly replied; 'I know these Frankees—these English derivees—They go into a country, spy out mountains and valleys, seas and rivers: find out a convenient adit, and then go home; inform a gentleman there—a chief, who has the name of company, who sends soldiers, and then takes a country; tell him what I say.' After this he left the garden. Some Calmucks also purposely called on me. They are also called the Eliad. They said, 'We come to see the renowned Frankee deriveesh.' They are of a yellow colour; they sat down, looked at me, and made remarks on every movement of my body, which amused Abbas Kouli Khan so much, that he laughed incessantly. After they had examined me from head to foot, he advised me to allow them to pursue still closer investigations, which I declined. Like the Hazarah, they have scarcely any beard. At last one of them turned to a Jew, and asked him, in a low tone, to give him brandy and wine. They addressed me in Russian—I told them, in Persian, that I did not understand Russian, and asked them where they had learned it. They replied, 'From the Nogay Tartars.' Then they began:—"Have you heard of Nicho as Pawlowitch? he is the greatest Krawl Russia has ever enjoyed." They asked me whether we had many slaves in England. I told them that slavery was prohibited. My rascally servant, Abdullah Khan, expressed a wish to go from Jesman-Doo again to see Abdul Samut Khan, but Abbas Kouli Khan prevented him. An extraordinary power of smelling in a Turkomaun, Khan Saat from Sarakhs, was indicated to me here. He said, drawing up his nostrils, 'I smell a caravan of Usbecks,' and in a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Turkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Turkomauns that has passed. When Turkomauns or Calmucks saw people talking from a distance, I frequently heard them say, 'Let us draw our ears.' They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation."

The last is a curious circumstance, and reminds us of Fine Ear in the Oriental tale. "An imperium in imperio in Bokhara is mentioned:—

"I got the following information about Shahr Sabz. It is a central city of Bokhara, but separated from the king, independent, and governed by its own khan. The reason of it is this:—1st. The people of Shahr Sabz are by far better and more courageous horsemen than the people of Bokhara. 2d. They can put in a moment the whole town under water, so that troops cannot reach them. 3d. It serves for the people of Bokhara as an asylum from the tyranny of the ameer; and therefore the people of Bokhara do not wish to take it. The khan of Shahr Sabz, however, for form's sake, sent to the ameer one thousand horsemen, as a subsidy in his war against Khiva and Khokaud, but they were always ordered by the khan of Shahr Sabz not to give him the least assistance in reality."

With these examples we may, at any rate for the present, dismiss these volumes.

#### MEMOIRS OF JOHN CONSTABLE.

*Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, Esq., R.A., composed chiefly of his Letters.* By C. R. Leslie, R.A. 4to, pp. 363. Longmans.

This is a second edition, got up in a peculiar, antique, and handsome manner, congenial to, and worthy of, the subject. The first publication was, we believe, limited to a small number, whilst this which is intended for the world at large will find much to delight them in it, artists and amateurs in art great instruction, and every class of readers useful intelligence and agreeable amusement. For Constable was not only a remarkable man, with remarkable qualities to attract attention; but he was a very original and very natural man, full of unwarred ideas and kindly affections and mother-wit to win his way to our hearts, and fix the individuals there whilst we admired the painter in his charming English landscapes. We know not what materials Mr. Leslie had to cull from; but we feel that he has performed his part with infinite taste and discretion; giving the opinions of a competent authority upon the productions of his contemporary and friend, and bringing out the estimable points of his amiable private character in every relation of life with unaffected simplicity and consequent effect.

Of such a volume we cannot speak too highly. Somewhat predisposed towards it by our acquaintance, during many years, with its interesting subject, we might be more readily touched by its statements; but independently of that inclination, its intrinsic merits must, we are sure, recommend it wherever it is seen.

The portrait prefixed, from a drawing by Leslie, is very like, and finally indicates the single-mindedness and genius which were the most striking attributes of John Constable. He was born 11th June, 1776, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk, in a beautiful rural country; and the scenery of his childhood was his inspiration to the day of his death. His father, Mr. Golding Constable, was a man of property, amongst which were included several windmills, also early associates of the artist's hands and mind. His predilection for art was developed in very boyhood, and before he reached the age of sixteen he became devotedly fond of painting. But we need not trace his progress through schools, nor his first efforts with the brush. We trust it will better please our readers to have our illustrations of the volume divided into several heads, and by this means shew them, as far as we can, how it stands in regard to personal biography, arts, and anecdotes.

#### PERSONAL.

Constable married a Miss Bicknell, and their courtship is marked by equal love, constancy, and prudence.

"The death of this excellent woman [his mother] was felt as a very heavy blow. She had cheered and encouraged him in his profession, and obtained for him introductions calculated to advance his prospects, at a time when his other friends considered them hopeless. She, more than any one else, shared in all the anxieties arising out of his engagement with Miss Bicknell, which she hoped to see happily fulfilled; and she neglected no means, however trifling, to propitiate Dr. Rhudde, as a single instance will shew. Constable had sent her a present of a large drawing in water-colours of Bergholt Church, which, in the letter she wrote to acknowledge its receipt, she described as "the most beautiful drawing she had ever beheld." But it immediately occurred to her to present it to the rector, which she did in the name of her son. It was useless. Dr. Rhudde acknowledged the present in a polite letter: but, unwilling to remain the obliged person, he enclosed a bank note, requesting Constable to purchase with it something to remember him by 'when he should be no

more.' The death of Miss Bicknell's mother, who had long been ill, occurred not many days after that of Mrs. Constable.—"To Miss Bicknell. East Bergholt, May 21st, 1815. My dearest love, When I left town it was not my intention to have remained so long absent. I received your kind note, and regretted you were so situated that you could not see me. I called, however, the day before I came here; and although your note had somewhat prepared me for the afflicting intelligence which I received at your door, I could not but be shocked, as I was not aware that your dear mother was so near her removal. It is singular that we should, both of us, have lost our nearest friends, the nearest we can have in this world, within so short a time; and now, more than ever, do I feel the want of your society."

The congenial lady writes:

"Putney Heath, September 9th. I cannot resist my dear John, taking up my pen again, fearing you should have deemed my last letter unworthy of notice; and I may, perhaps, be absent a week after the 16th; and then, I hope, you would have thought my silence long. How charmed you must be with this long continuance of fine weather. I should suppose for many seasons you have not painted so much in the open air. Nature and you must be greater friends than ever. I am suffering a little to-day, from being out late yesterday. Is it not a sad thing to be so delicate? I must not be out after sunset. It is easy enough to avoid it, so that trouble is soon got over. The moon shall tempt me no more. . . . I regret you have not seen Mrs. \* \* \*, she is much interested in our future welfare. Fortune, I am sure, delights to torment us. But hold, my pen! I do not think I am ever long dejected. Tell me what you have been reading. But I suppose you have not found much time for it. I am studying French quite hard, and I find it very amusing. \* \* \* My dear John, good bye; you will allow this to be, for me, quite a long letter! Will the end of October oblige you to return to London? Though I long to see you, I am always sorry when you leave Suffolk. It must be so pleasant for you to be there. I should never like to leave the country while a single leaf remained on the trees."

And again:

"Spring Garden Terrace, December 28th. I dare say, my dear John, you are expecting to hear from me, and I am expecting to hear from you, as your last letter led me to suppose you would write again in a day or two. But it is painting that takes up all your time and attention. How I do dislike pictures; I cannot bear the sight of them; but I am very cross, am I not? You may spare yourself telling me I am very unreasonable, for I know it already. But I cannot be reconciled to your spending month after month in the country. You say you have no expectation of remaining in London for some time. At all events it is pleasant intelligence. But I feel how very often the visits here are distressing. I believe you are right to remain where you are; in a comfortable home, and rendering the declining years of your father happy. Whatever attention you can shew him must make your hours pass the more agreeably. Whenever I wish you away, I know I do wrong. I wish we could always like what is right. Henceforth I will endeavour."

The lady's father is made acquainted with the correspondence, and finally consents to the union; which happily took place, and continued with unbroken felicity till the death of his beloved partner almost broke the heart of the husband.

1822. Mr. C. writes to his last friend, Mr. Fisher of Salisbury:

"I trust you will come to London on your visitation; I shall be much disappointed if you do not. I am about Farrington's house; I think this step necessary; I shall get more by it than my family, in conveniences, though I am loath to leave a place where I have had so much happiness, and where I painted my four landscapes; but there is no end to giving way to fancies; occupation is my sheet-anchor. My mind would soon devour me without it. I felt as if I had lost my arms after my picture was gone to the exhibition. I dare not read this letter over, take it as one of my sketches."

And in October 1823:

"My dear Fisher, Thank you for your kind, amusing, and instructive letter. I shall always be glad to hear any thing that is said of me and my pictures. My object is the improvement of both. L \* \* \*, like most men living on the outskirts of the art, and like followers and attendants on armies, &c., is a great talker of what *should be*, and this is not always without malignity. Such persons stroll about the foot of Parnassus, only to pull down by the legs those who are laboriously climbing its sides. He may be sincere in what he tells Tinney; he wonders at what is done, and concludes the pictures cannot be made better, because he knows no better. I shall write to Tinney, and request the picture, but with a promise not to meddle with it, even if I see any thing material that would improve it, without first informing him of my intention."

At this time a visit to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, at Cole-Orton, is described in a very interesting manner. At its close we read:

"November 25th. 'My very dearest love, I hope nothing will prevent my leaving this place to-morrow afternoon, and that I shall have you in my arms on Thursday morning, and my babies; O dear! how glad I shall be! I feel that I have been *at school*, and can only hope that my long absence from you may ultimately be to my great and lasting improvement as an artist, and, indeed, in every thing. If you have any friends staying with you, I beg you will dismiss them before my arrival.'

"Though Sir George Beaumont and Constable agreed, generally, in their opinions of the old masters, yet their tastes differed materially on some points of art, and their discourse never languished for want of 'an animated no.' A constant communion with pictures, the tints of which are subdued by time, no doubt tends to unfit the eye for the enjoyment of freshness; and Sir George thought Constable too daring in the modes he adopted to obtain this quality; while Constable saw that Sir George often allowed himself to be deceived by the effects of time, of accident, and by the tricks that are, far oftener than is generally supposed, played by dealers, to give mellowness to pictures; and in these matters each was disposed to set the other right. Sir George had placed a small landscape by Gaspar Poussin on his easel, close to a picture he was painting, and said, 'Now, if I can match these tints I am sure to be right.' 'But suppose, Sir George,' replied Constable, 'Gaspar could rise from his grave, do you think he would know his own picture in its present state? or if he did, should we not think it difficult to persuade him that somebody had not smeared tar or cart-grease over its surface, and then wiped it imperfectly off?' At another time Sir George recommended the colour of an old Cremona fiddle for the prevailing tone of every thing, and this Constable answered by laying an old fiddle on the green lawn before the house. Again, Sir George, who seemed to consider the autumnal tints necessary, at least to some part of a landscape, said, 'Do you not find it very difficult to determine where to place your brown tree?' And the reply was, 'Not in the least, for I never put such a thing into the picture.' But however opposite in these respects their opinions

were, and although Constable well knew that Sir George did not appreciate his works, the intelligence, the wit, and the fascinating and amiable manners of the baronet had gained his heart, and a sincere and lasting friendship subsisted between them. During his visit to Cole-Orton, besides his admirable copies of the Claude, he made a sketch from a landscape by Rubens, a large sketch of the front of the house, and a drawing of the cenotaph erected by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Constable had never been, nor was he ever again, so long separated from his wife and children as on this occasion; and his anxiety to return, and at the same time his wish to complete the copies he undertook at Cole-Orton, confined him so much to his easel that the visit proved an injury instead of a benefit to his health."

Next year he sold some of his pictures to a French dealer, and writes to Mr. Fisher:—

"To what honours are some men born! \* \* \* \* My Frenchman has sent his agent with the money for the pictures; they are now ready, and look uncommonly well, and I think they cannot fail to melt the stony hearts of the French painters. Think of the lovely valleys and peaceful farmhouses of Suffolk forming part of an exhibition to amuse the gay Parisians! My Lock is liked at the Academy, and indeed it forms a decided feature, and its light cannot be put out, because it is the light of nature, the mother of all that is valuable in poetry, painting, or any thing else where an appeal to the soul is required. The language of the heart is the only one that is universal; and Sterne says he disregards all rules, but makes his way to the heart as he can. But my execution annoys most of them, and all the scholastic ones. Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great, but these things are the essence of landscape, and my extreme is better than white-lead and oil, and *dado painting*. I sold this picture on the day of the opening for one hundred and fifty guineas, including the frame, to Mr. Morrison. I do hope my exertions will tend towards popularity; but it is you who have so long held my head above water. Although a good deal of the devil is in me, I do think I should have been broken-hearted before this time but for you. Indeed it is worth while to have gone through all I have for the hours and thoughts we have had together. I am in high favour with all the Seymour-Street family, and I look continually back to the great kindness shewn to me in my early days, when it was truly of value to me; for long I tottered on the threshold and floundered in the path, and there never was any young man nearer being lost; but here I am, and I must now take heed where I stand. \* \* \* I have just now engaged to get seven pictures of a small size ready for Paris by August. The large ones are to be exhibited at the Louvre, and my purchasers say they are much looked for at Paris. The director of the Academy at Antwerp, Mr. Vanbre, has been here; he says they will make an impression on the continent. \* \* \* The world is rid of Lord Byron, but the deadly slime of his touch still remains."

Of him in return Mr. Fisher writes:—

"I generally leave you wiser than I came to you, and some of your pithy apothegms stick to my memory like a thorn, and give me a prick when I fall a dozing. 'A man is always growing,' you said, 'either upwards or downwards.' I have been trying to grow 'upwards' since we parted. When I consulted you about the Lancasterian Sunday-school in my parish, you advised me to 'be quiet, and do all the good I could.' I took your advice, and the Quakers have, unsolicited, dropped the offensive rules."

Again Constable:—

"My Paris affairs go on very well. Though the director, the Count Forbin, gave my pictures very respectable situations in the Louvre in the first instance, yet on being exhibited a few weeks, they advanced in reputation, and were removed from their original situations to a post of honour, two prime places in the principal room. I am much indebted to the artists for the râlarum in my favour; but I must do justice to the count, who is no artist I believe, and thought that as the colours are rough, they should be seen at a distance. They found the mistake, and now acknowledge the richness of texture, and attention to the surface of things. They are struck with their vivacity and freshness, things unknown to their own pictures. The truth is, they study (and they are very laborious students) pictures only; and as Northcote says, 'They know as little of Nature as hackney-coach horses does of a pasture.' In fact, it is worse, they make painful studies of individual articles, leaves, rocks, stones, &c., singly, so that they look cut out, without belonging to the whole, and they neglect the look of nature altogether under its various changes."

#### ARTS.

"Mrs. Constable procured for her son an introduction to Sir George Beaumont, who frequently visited his mother, the Dowager Lady Beaumont, then residing at Dedham. Sir George had seen and expressed himself pleased with some copies made by Constable in pen and ink from Doreigny's engravings of the cartoons of Raphael; and at the house of the Dowager Lady Beaumont the young artist first saw a picture by Claude, the 'Hagar,' which Sir George often carried with him when he travelled. Constable looked back on the first sight of this exquisite work as an important epoch in his life. But the taste of a young artist is always the most affected by cotemporary art. Sir George Beaumont possessed about thirty drawings in water colours by Girtin, which he advised Constable to study, as examples of great breadth and truth; and their influence on him may be traced more or less through the whole course of his practice. The first impressions of an artist, whether for good or evil, are never wholly effaced; and as Constable had till now no opportunity of seeing any pictures that he could rely on as guides to the study of nature, it was fortunate for him that he began with Claude and Girtin."

He was sent to pursue his studies in London; and in 1799, in a letter to Mr. Dunthorne, he says:

"I paint by all the daylight we have, and that is little enough. I sometimes see the sky; but imagine to yourself how a pearl must look through a burnt glass. I employ my evenings in making drawings and in reading, and I hope by the former to clear my rent. If I can I shall be very happy. Our friend Smith has offered to take any of my pictures into his shop for sale. He is pleased to find I am reasonable in my prices."

The Smith here spoken of was "Antiquity Smith," the author of the *Life of Nottelkens*.

"I have heard Constable say, that under some disappointment, I think it was the rejection, at the Academy, of a view of Flatford Mill, he carried a picture to Mr. West, who said: 'Don't be disheartened, young, we shall hear of you again; you must have loved nature very much before you could have painted this.' He took a piece of chalk, and shewed Constable how he might improve the chiaroscuro by some additional touches of light between the stems and branches of the trees, saying, 'Always remember, sir, that light and shadow never stand still.' Constable said it was the best lecture, because a practical one, on chiaroscuro he ever heard. Mr. West at the same time said to him 'Whatever object you are painting, keep in mind its prevailing character,

rather than its accidental appearance (unless in the subject there is some peculiar reason for the latter,) and never be content until you have transferred that to canvass. In your skies, for instance, always aim at brightness, although there are states of the atmosphere in which the sky itself is not bright. I do not mean that you are not to paint solemn or lowering skies, but even in the darkest effects there should be brightness. Your darks should look like the darks of silver, not of lead or slate.' This advice was not addressed to an inattentive ear."

In 1802 Constable writes:

"For these few weeks past I believe I have thought more seriously of my profession than at any other time of my life; of that which is the surest way to excellence. I am just returned from a visit to Sir George Beaumont's pictures with a deep conviction of the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds's observations, that 'there is no easy way of becoming a good painter.' For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the exhibition worth looking up to. *There is room enough for a natural painter.* The great vice of the present day is *bravura*, an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had, and will have, it's day; but truth in all things only will last, and can only have just claims on posterity. I have reaped considerable benefit from exhibiting; it shews me where I am, and in fact tells me what nothing else could."

"In 1818 he sent to the Academy, 'Landscape, breaking up of a Shower,' three other landscapes, 'A Gothic Porch,' and 'A Group of Elms'; the two last being drawings in lead pencil; and to the British Gallery he sent, 'A Cottage in a Corn-field,' probably exhibited at the Academy the year before. The cottage in this little picture is closely surrounded by the corn, which on the side most shaded from the sun remains green, while over the rest of the field it is ripened; one of many circumstances that may be discovered in Constable's landscapes, which mark them as the productions of an incessant observer of nature. But these and other latent beauties passed wholly unnoticed in the exhibitions; indeed, the pictures that contained them were for the most part unheeded, while more showy works by artists whose very names are now nearly forgotten were the favourites of the day. Constable's art was never more perfect perhaps never so perfect; as at this period of his life."—[To be continued.]

#### THE COUNTESS IDA OF HAHN-HAHN.

During the last ten years, the authoress whose name heads this article has obtained an extensive popularity in Germany. Though a woman of undoubted genius, she is somewhat eccentric—a peculiarity over which her parentage and education must have exercised much influence. Her father, Count Charles Frederick von Hahn, served in the army of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in the war which was put an end to at Waterloo. Unfortunately, he had a passion for theatricals, and when peace was proclaimed, the count absented himself from his estates at Tressow, in Mecklenberg, and actually became the manager of a company of players. He so impaired his property by indulgence in his favourite pursuit, that it was found necessary to place it in the hands of trustees. Another consequence of his erratic mode of life was, that his daughter's childhood was deprived of the advantages of a settled home, and of the immediate guidance and direction of a father. She lived with her mother at Rostock, then in New Brandenburg, and, after 1821, in the Griefswald, where she was married in 1826 to the wealthy Count Frederick William Adolphus von Hahn, of the older branch of the house of Hahn, or Hahn Baselow. This union was productive of much unhappiness, and was dissolved in the year 1829. Nor were all the countess's troubles consequent on the marriage state. It was her misfortune to be afflicted with the peculiarity of vision known as a 'squint'; and, attracted by the fame of the celebrated Dr. Dieffenbach, she allowed him to operate; but the result was unfavourable. After a time she lost the use of one eye entirely, and was for some time apprehensive of becoming totally blind. This incident made a great noise in Germany, for it created a furious paper war between the oculist and his impetuous patient. He maintained that she lost her sight from imprudently reading and writing by candle light on the very evening after the operation; she, on the other side, persisting that the whole blame was attributable to the negligence of her medical attendant after the operation was performed. So perseveringly was the dispute carried on that the countess's eye became the current topic of conversation in all the literary and medical circles of society throughout Germany.

To console herself for her misfortunes, the countess took to literature and travelling; and those who have watched her career, must admit that, if activity and industry be any consolation for trouble, she must have completely forgotten hers. Since 1835, she has visited Switzerland, Vienna twice, Italy twice, Spain, France, Sweden, Syria, and Constantinople. Since the same date she has written seven novels and five books of travel, not one of which has met with a large share of public attention; some of them having been translated into both French and English.

The novels of this authoress, though adapted for German tastes, would find little favour with our more matter-of-fact nation. They abound in over wrought delineation of passion and sentiment, and with events a little too melodramatic to be probable. From her books of travel, on the contrary, much that is sensible in opinion and graphic in description is to be gleaned, and it is our present purpose to afford our readers a few specimens of this eccentric but amusing lady's literary skill and humour as a descriptive tourist.

Among her most diverting descriptions, is that which occurs in 'A Traveller's Letters' (Reisebriefe) on the Spanish roads. Crossing the Pyrenees from France near the Mediterranean, she halts at Figueras to dine, and there the French vehicle in which she had been recently travelling was exchanged for a Spanish one drawn by no fewer than nine mules. 'I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the whole herd getting into motion. In Germany, we are thankful if our coachman is able to drive four in hand; but only think of a man undertaking to manage nine steeds at once! Each mule had its particular name, such as Pajarito, Galando, Amorosa, &c. The *mayoral* (so the coachman is called) kept up a constant conversation with his cattle, calling the creatures by name, scolding the lazy, praising the diligent, and guiding the whole team apparently more by his tongue than with his reins. By the side ran the *zagal*, a boy with a whip, who contributed his share to the animation of the coursers, threw himself upon the front mule when we crossed a river or pass-

ed a sharp corner, and when he was tired of running, jumped up beside the mayoral, and rested for a few minutes on the driver's seat. The roads were frightful—indescribably so. At Perpignan they told me the chaussée to Barcelona was as good as a French road. This was saying little enough; but the fact is, that after we had got clear of the Pyrenees, we found no road at all, but had to ford rivers, to drive through ditches, to cross bogs, and to climb over precipices, and all that the best way we could. Roads and bridges, and everything that should be cared for by government, are deplorably neglected.'

In an article on a book called 'Beyond the Mountains' which we drew up some time since, [A Man of Fashion in Spain] we extracted a not dissimilar passage. It turns out that the 'Man of Fashion,' who wrote under the name of Theophile Gautier, was no other than the Countess Idal! She certainly kept up her assumed character admirably.

The work from which the above extract is taken, abounds in shrewd reflections on the fallen condition of Spain. The following piquant and true:— 'Alas! to be poor is no greater hardship than to be rich, for our wants increase with our power of gratifying them; but to become poor, that is bitter; for it carries with it an involuntary feeling of a fall! How much more, then, when it is a nation thus has become poor. Spain is not poor, they will tell me, for it possesses inexhaustible resources within its own soil; but of what worth are those resources to people who know not how to bring them into play? In the time of the Moors, Spain contained twenty millions of inhabitants—some say thirty—now it does not contain ten. The land was then rich and flourishing, and sufficed for all the wants of a luxurious population. Of course it must then have possessed resources that became dormant in proportion as the population melted together. The land remains uncultivated, because roads and canals are wanting for the conveyance of its produce. The plains of Castile grow the finest wheat in the world, and when grown, it is given to the pigs, because the grower has no means of conveying it to market. There is no trade except along the coast, and even there it is almost exclusively in the hands of smugglers. The land that once monopolised the trade of both the Indies—the land that could fit out the Invincible Armada for the conquest of England—possesses at present not a single man-of-war, and has no commerce but what is carried on by smugglers!'

During her subsequent journey through Sweden, the countess visited that interesting personage, Miss Frederika Bremer, whose quiet pictures of northern domestic life have rendered her so celebrated throughout the rest of Europe. 'I visited Miss Frederika Bremer at Arsta, which is her estate. It is three Swedish miles from Stockholm: she lives there with her mother and younger sister during the greater part of the year. The two last-mentioned ladies passed last winter in Nizza. She remained at home: she does not like the trouble and disturbance of travelling. She remained seven months—seven Swedish winter months—all alone at Arsta, without seeing any one but the maid servant who attended her. I would not believe that any one could endure such seclusion, if she had not told it me herself. Arsta has little historical recollections. In the great meadow, Gustavus Adolphus assembled and mustered the army with which he first went as king to Livonia, and he dwelt with his wife and daughter in the wooden house which still stands near the present dwelling-house. The latter is of stone, square and handsome, with large lofty rooms: it was built during the thirty years' war. The surrounding country is not cheerful—at least it did not appear so to me, perhaps because it was a dull, cloudy day. The trees looked dingy, the lawn gray, and the sea was faintly seen in the distance. A walk was proposed, but I, who am generally so fond of the fresh air, preferred not going out: without there was nothing to tempt me, and within it was so comfortable. I can understand that one must feel very much attached to home here. I begged Miss Frederika to show me her room: it is as simple as a cell. To me it would be in the highest degree uncomfortable, for it is a corner room, with a window on two sides, so that there is a thorough light, and no curtains. Three square tables stand in it, entirely covered with books, papers, and writing apparatus; and the rest of the furniture is in a style which seems simply to invite one to sit down upon sofa and chair, but not to lie down, or lean or lounge upon them, as I would willingly have done. It is the same with me on a journey as at home. I take a fancy to some particular table or chair, and the want of elegance or convenience is displeasing to me. Wherever I am travelling or living, I must have everything comfortable and soft and warm about me; not so much hard wood, or so many sharp corners. On the walls of this room there are a few pictures. "That is a genuine Teniers; but I know you will not like it," said Miss Bremer, smiling, and pointing to a picture which represents a peasant filling his tobacco pipe. I said frankly that I did not. I very often said "no" when she said "yes;" but that did not signify. \* \* She succeeded in conquering the difficulty of speaking in a language in which she is not accustomed to think, and said what she wished to say quite simply, naturally, and clearly, sometimes in French, sometimes in German. She has beautiful, thoughtful eyes, and a clear, broad, I might almost say a solid, forehead, with distinct, finely-marked eyebrows, which move when she speaks, especially when a sudden thought bursts into speech: this is very becoming to her. She has a small and light figure, and was dressed in black silk. In her antechamber there were two large book-cases filled with books in Swedish, German, French, and English: I think there were Italian also. In the schools, German is taught after Swedish Goethe and Schiller have never been translated into Swedish, yet every one has read them. Our books have a much greater advantage in Sweden than Swedish books have with us. Translations are always colourless lithographs of the original, and sometimes they are wretched daubs. Miss Bremer draws portraits extremely well in miniature with water-colours, and has a very interesting album of such heads, all executed by herself, to which she has added mine.' These two authoresses present a striking contrast. The guest a dashing, fashionable countess, fond of gaiety and the world; the hostess a humble-minded, unpretending private gentlewoman, living in peace and retirement.

None of the countess's works have met with such an extended popularity as her 'Letters of a German Countess,' written from, and on her way to the East. Several English translations have been made from them; that before us being by the clever author of 'Caleb Stukely.' In the letter to her brother dated from Pesth, there is some useful information conveyed with the countess's peculiar vivacity. 'We reached Pesth during the celebration of one of the four great fairs held annually in the city. The inns, coffee-houses, and restaurants of every grade are thronged with people, and the streets are one great sea of traffic. On the other side, at Ofen, matters are as quiet. Ofen is the older and smaller town, lying on the hill side. High up, on the right, is the castle, the residence of the palatine; on the left is the observatory: various government buildings and a few convents are seen in different directions. From the heights you overlook not only the river and all Pesth, which, by the way,

lies very low, and is on that account seriously exposed to inundations, but the country far and wide in its level uniformity. Pesth, in other respects, is a handsome, regularly built town, with large houses and straight streets; 60,000 inhabitants (whose trade and commerce are much facilitated by low position and proximity of water), a pretty theatre, a museum now building, and a chainbridge in embryo. The completion of the last is impeded, as I hear, by the determination of the Hungarian nobles not to pay toll which is indispensable to the defrayment of the expenses. They maintain that the people hitherto have paid it, and that they shall continue so to do.

Ofen and Pesth have so arranged matters, that they represent the capital of Hungary between them; for the former is the seat of the palatine of the empire, and of the high political and military authorities, whilst the latter is the central point of Hungarian commerce. As for curiosities, grand buildings, antiquities, museums, and churches, Pesth knows of no such things; nay, what is more astonishing, she is without a promenade, and that at Ofen is miserable in the extreme. Probably the folks prefer the Italian fashion of taking the air in a carriage, and if they do walk, to wander about the streets. And indeed the whole aspect of life here is very southerly. The people do not merely walk in the streets, but they actually sit, work, eat, drink, and sleep there. Every third house is a cafe, surrounded by a broad verandah, and supplied with sofas and blooming oleander trees; and an incredible quantity of fruit—grapes, plums, melons, and water-melons—the latter in heaps—are exposed for sale. Lazzaroni like, the unemployed labourers lie upon the thresholds of the house-doors, or across their own barrows, enjoying the luxury of a mid-day slumber. Women sit gossiping before the houses and sucking their young. The dark eye, the loud deep voice, and here and there the piercing glance, all are southern. \* \* Since for the last two days I have done nothing but roam from street to street, gazing right and left, I can speak of nothing but what my eyes encountered there. Oh, would that I could draw! Is it not extraordinary that I can do nothing that I have been taught, at least for the teaching of which I have had masters, and that the only thing which I have not been taught, namely, to write a book, I can do? I am really surprised that painters of domestic life do not come here: they might procure the finest subjects. Under the doorway of a spacious house, a fruiterer has very carelessly spread his commodities, consisting of water-melons, upon the ground: he himself lay beside them, a beautiful oleander was above him, and in his mouth was the darling pipe, whose spiral cloud he watched intently as it ascended into air. The broad hat gave an additional shade to his already dark visage, and the contrast between his black, stern head, and the delicate rose-coloured blossoms which were waving above him, were splendid. The extensive trade in soap, entirely carried on in the open streets, is unpleasant to the eyes and nose, especially during the present weather. Hungary, with the Carpathian mountains to the north, is much warmer than the neighbourhood of Vienna, which lies north of the mountains of Styria. The exhibition of manufactures and works of industry, now open, was full of interest. The best productions are those of the cabinet maker and leather-workers. The silks and minor articles of luxury look neither tasty nor finished, as the English say, and as we Germans know not how to say, simply because the point itself is one we cannot reach.'

Arrived in Constantinople, the countess visited the slave-market, on which her observations are pointed and new. The market itself is not very inviting—an irregular space, surrounded by damp galleries. In these galleries sit the salesmen with coffee and chibouque, the overseers, the purchasers, and the simply curious; and in the narrow, dark, low chambers, which have a door and grated window opening to the galleries, are kept the noble wares. One group is placed in the middle of the court for inspection, or rather is seated, for they are squatted upon mats as usual. Let us contemplate them. Oh, horror! dreadful, revolting sight! Summon your whole faculty of imagination—picture to yourself monsters—and you still fail to conceive such objects as you negroes, from whom your outraged eye recoils with loathing. But the Georgians, the Circassians—the loveliest women in the world—where are they? Not here! No, dearest brother, the white slaves are kept separate in Tophana; thence they are conducted to the harem for inspection, and only by the greatest favour, and under especial escort, can you be admitted to a view of them. Here are only blacks, and with the monstrous spectacle you must fain content yourself. There they sit! A coarse gray garment envelops the figure; coloured glass rings encircle the wrists; coloured glass beads the neck; the hair is cut short. You are struck, first, with the depressed forehead, squeezed over the eyebrows, as in the Cretins; then with the large, rolling, expressive eye; then with the nose, innocent of a bridge, a great misshapen mass; then with the mouth, and the frightful animal formation of projecting jaw-bone, and gaping black lips (red lips, on the Moor, is a European fancy, which reality does not sanction); then with the long-fingered, ape-like hands, and hideous colourless nails; then with the meagre spindleshanks and projecting heel; then, and most of all, with the incredible animalism of the whole thing, form and expression combined. The colour varies: here it is bright black, there somewhat brown, and here again grayish. They give out no signs of life; they stare at us with the same unconscious gaze that they fix upon each other. A purchaser approaches, examines them; women-buyers make their remarks upon them; they are indifferent to all. They are measured in their length and breadth like a bale of goods; scanned in their hands, hips, feet, teeth, like a horse. They submit to everything without dislike, without anger, without sorrow. It is much that the exhibition proceeds with decency; that is to say, with so-called decency; the creatures do not lay aside their garments, which reach from the neck down to the calf of the leg. Now they are selected, bid for, cheapened. Do buyer and seller agree, the slave departs with her master or mistress. Do they not, she seats herself again upon the mat, unconcerned about her fate?

When in Egypt, the countess visited the residence of the pasha, Mehemet Ali, at Schubra, near Cairo, which is a garden on the Nile, with a country house, of which the viceroy is very fond. You can imagine nothing more pleasant and less pretentious than the entrance into this garden. The gateway has acquired an irregular form from the mass of creeping plants with blue flowers which climb about it, and which give you the notion of entering beneath two trees. The garden itself does not at all resemble that of Ibrahim Pasha upon Rouds; it is more Oriental; that is to say, it is a fruit-garden, but very differently kept and tended to the wildernesses of Damascus. Firm paths, paved with shells and little pebbles, which enclose regular squares of oranges and lemons, and are bordered with lowly-cut hedges of myrtle; shady archways, that terminate at basins for water; elevated kiosks, with a prospect of the Nile, which streams through the fields like a flowing mantle of silver; such are the constituent parts. Let me, however, not forget the Great Fountain, which is really superb. An oblong portico, borne by marble columns, surrounds a sheet of water, to which marble steps conduct, and upon which you can go

about in small boats. In the four corners are fixed marble lions spouting forth water; and from the middle of the basin there rises a marble balcony upon crocodiles, who are also spitting water. Four pavilions, with chambers, are attached to the rounded edges of the portico, so that this fantastic building is really half fountain, half kiosk.' Of the pasha himself she adds, in a succeeding page: 'I wrote to you, dear Clara, how Mehemet Ali contrived to raise himself from the subordinate position of a captain of Albanian troops to be hereditary pasha of the empire of the Pharaohs. I saw the old pasha twice during my numerous promenades to Schubra, where his spring residence is situated. Everybody may visit the garden, even when he is in it; and as he always dines in the open air, amidst myrtle hedges and orange trees, close to a fountain, one can easily see him. I was once with Madame von Laurin in the beautiful marble fountain kiosk, when it was suddenly announced that he was coming. We saw no reason whatever why we should take flight, after the manner of Mahomedan women, and therefore remained as near as was permitted us. He politely greeted us. He has a small red countenance, a magnificent white beard, a stooping carriage, and the resolute but shaken gait of a robust old man. He wore the red turban, and a dark-green robe, furred with sable. He receives foreigners with pipe and coffee, without any ceremony, introduced by their consuls. I asked my travelling companion what was the prevailing expression of his countenance—'Animated and friendly'—'Something of the friendliness of the cat?' I inquired again. 'Yes; somewhat, certainly.' He was of opinion that if one could speak Turkish with him, one might hear many uncivilised but clever things: as it was, in spite of the tedious interpretation, he answered with great readiness, and well. He speaks only his bad Albanian Turkish; he cannot write at all: he learned to read at forty years of age—is not that pretty? Ibrahim Pasha (the pasha's son) speaks and writes Turkish, Persian, and Arabic. (*Apropos* of this, it occurs to me to say that the Arabs have never learnt a word of Turkish. Here, if you please, is a genuine expression of hatred on the part of a people enslaved for 300 years). Ibrahim is said to have generally a more solid judgment, more deliberation, and more consistency in his transactions, than his father, who is subject to violent fits of passion; but Ibrahim is accused of avarice. He lives very much withdrawn from affairs at his country residence, Cube, on the road to Heliopolis, and rarely to his palace of Cassr-el-Ain.'

As Germany, is by no means overstocked with lively, vivacious writers, the countess has made some welcome additions to their literature. When not abroad, she resides alternately in Berlin and Dresden, receiving the homage due as much to her literary acquirements as to her rank and lineage.

#### A VISIT TO AYR.

The New York Evening Post gives an interesting letter from Mr. Bryant. We make the following extract giving an account of a visit to Ayr:—

'On Monday we made an excursion to the birth-place of Burns. The railway between Glasgow and Ayr took us through Paisley, worthy of note, as having produced an eminent ornithologist, Alexander Wilson; and close to the banks of Castle Sample Loch, full of swans, a beautiful sheet of water, sleeping among green fields which shelf gently to its edge. We passed by Irvine, where Burns learned the art of dressing flax, and traversing a sand tract, close to the sea, were set down at Ayr, near the new bridge.'

We followed a pleasant road, sometimes agreeably shaded by trees, to Alloway. As we went out of Ayr we heard a great hammering and clicking of chisels, and looking to the right we saw workmen busy in building another of the free churches, with considerable elaborateness of architecture in the early Norman style. The day was very fine, the sun bright, and the sky above us perfectly clear; but is generally the case as in this country with an east wind, the atmosphere was thick with a kind of dry haze which excluded distant objects from sight. The sea was to our right, but we could not discern where it ended and the horizon began, and the mountains of the island of Arran, and the lone and lofty rock of Ailsa Craig looked at first like faint shadows in the thick air, and were soon altogether undistinguishable. We came at length to the little old painted kirk of Alloway, in the midst of a burying ground, roofless, but with gable ends still standing, and its interior occupied by tombs. A solid upright marble slab, before the church, marks the place where William Burns, the father of the poet, lies buried. A little distance beyond flows the Doon, under the old bridge crossed by Tam O'Shanter on the night of his adventure with the witches.

This little stream well deserves the epithet of "bonnie," which Burns has given it. Its clear, but dark current flows rapidly between banks, often shaded with ashes, alders, and other trees, and sometimes overhung by precipices of a reddish colored rock. A little below the bridge it falls into the sea, but the tide comes not up to embitter its waters. From the west bank of the stream the land rises to hills of considerable height, with a healthy summit, and wooded slopes called Brown Carrick Hill. Two high cliffs near it impend over the sea, which are commonly called the Heads of Ayr, and not from these stand the fragments of an ancient castle. I have sometimes wondered that born as Burns was in the neighborhood of the sea, which I am told is often swelled into prodigious waves by the strong west wind which beats on this coast, he should yet have taken little if any of his poetic imagery from the ocean, either in its wilder or gentler moods. But his occupations were among the fields, and his thoughts were of those who dwelt among them, and his imagination never wandered where his feelings were not.

The monument erected to Burns, near the bridge, is an ostentatious thing, with a gilt tripod on its summit. I was only interested to see some of the relics of Burns which it contains, among which is the Bible given by him to his Highland Mary. A road leads from the monument along the stream among the trees to a mill, at a little distance above the bridge, where the water passes under steep rocks, and I followed it. The wild rose and woodbine were in full bloom in the hedges, and these to me were a better memorial of Burns than anything which the chisel could execute. A barefooted lassie came down the grassy bank among the trees, with a pail, and after washing her feet in the swift current, filled the pail and bore it over the bank.

We saw many visitors sauntering about the bridge on entering the monument; many of them seemed to be country people, young men with their sisters and sweethearts, and others in white cravats, with a certain sleekness of appearance I took to be of the profession of divinity. At the inn beside the Doon, a young woman with a face and head so round as almost to form a perfect globe, gave us a dish of excellent strawberries and cream, and we set off for the house in which Burns was born.

It is a clay-built cottage of the humblest class, and now serves, with the addition of two new rooms of a better architecture, for an ale house. Mrs. Hastings, the landlady, showed us the register, in which we remarked that a very great number of the visitors had taken the pains to write themselves down as shoemakers. Major Burns, one of the sons of the poet, had lately visited the

place with his two daughters and a younger brother, and they had inscribed their names in the book.

We returned to Ayr by a different road from that by which we went to Alloway. The hay-makers were at work in the fields, and the vegetation was everywhere in its highest luxuriance. You may smile at the idea, but I affirm that a potato field in Great Britain, at this season, is a prettier sight than a vineyard in Italy. In this climate, the plant throws out an abundance of blossoms, pink and white, and just now the potato fields are as fine as so many flower gardens.

We crossed the old bridge of Ayr, which is yet in good preservation, though carriages are not allowed to pass over it. Looking up the stream, we saw solitary slopes and groves on its left bank, and I fancied that I had in my eye the sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where Burns and his Highland Mary had the meeting which he describes in his letters, and parted to meet no more.'

#### MRS CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE'S.

MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND "UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE, WHO HAS REFUSED "TO SMUGGLE A FEW THINGS" FOR HER.

There, it isn't often that I ask you to do anything for me, Mr. Caudle, goodness knows! and when I do, I'm always refused—of course. Oh yes! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other husband aboard the boat could behave like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's nothing new; I always am. Every other man, worthy to be called a man, could smuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one poor half-dozen of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me; and everybody else was rolled in lace, and I don't know what. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle? What do I want with silk stockings? Well,—it's come to something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a foot—yes, and an ankle, too: but when once a woman's married, she has nothing of the sort; of course. No: I'm not a cherub, Mr. Caudle; don't say that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say now, you'd have been delighted to smuggle for Miss Prettyman! Silk stockings become her! You wish Miss Prettyman was in the moon? Not you Mr. Caudle; that's only your art—your hypocrisy. A nice person too she'd be for the moon: it would be none the brighter for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the Custom House officers look at me, as though they were piercing me through, what was your conduct? Shameful! You twittered about, and fidgetted, and flushed up as if I really was a smuggler. So I was? What had that to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband, I think, to fidget in that way, and show it. You couldn't help it? Hump! And you call yourself a person of strong mind, I believe? One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! Couldn't help it!

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and this is always my reward. Yes, Mr. Caudle, I shall save a great deal. How much? I sha'n't tell you: know your meanness—you'd want to stop it out of the house-allowance. No: it's nothing to you where I got the money from to buy so many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first, that's nothing to do with it. No; I havn't saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who saves who's despised. It's only your fine-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to ruin you, Caudle, then you'd think something of me.

"I sha'n't go to sleep. It's very well for you who're no sooner in bed, than you're fast as a church; but I can't sleep in that way. It's my mind keeps me awake. And, after all, I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my thoughts. No: I can't think in silence! There's much enjoyment in that, to be sure! I've no doubt now you could listen to Miss Prettyman—oh, I don't care, I will speak. It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be on the jetty when the boat came in. Ha! she'd been looking for you all the morning with a telescope, I've no doubt—she's bold enough for anything. And then how she sneered and giggled when she saw me,—and said 'how fat I'd got': like her impudence, I think. What! Well she might? But I know what she wanted; yes—she'd have liked to have had me searched. She laughed on purpose.

"I only wish I'd taken two of the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about 'em! No—I'm not ashamed of myself to make my innocent children smugglers; the more innocent they looked, the better; but there you are with what you call your principles again; as if it wasn't given to everybody by nature to smuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated 'em this day. Lace, and velvet, and silk stockings, and other things,—to say nothing of the tumblers and decanters. No: I didn't look as if I wanted a direction, for fear somebody should break me. That's another of what you call your jokes; but you should keep 'em for those who like 'em. I don't.

"What have I made, after all? I've told you—you shall never know. Yes, I know you'd been fined a hundred pounds if they'd searched me; but I never meant that they should. I dare say you wouldn't smuggle—oh no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a conjuror, you are, Caudle. Ha! ha! ha! What am I laughing at? Oh, you little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well, now, I'll tell you. I knew what an unaccommodating creature you were, so I made you smuggle whether or not. How? Why, when you were out at the Café, I got your great rough coat, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of best black velvet under the lining I'm a sinful woman! And to see how innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round you! It was a happy moment, Caudle, to see you.

"What do you call it? A shameful trick,—unworthy of a wife? I couldn't care much for you! As if I didn't prove that, by trussing you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say: I've saved everything—all but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgot the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand, and cut it to bits like so much dog's-meat. Served me right? And when I so seldom buy a book! No: I don't see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings that people here have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for—well, if they do steal it, that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, Caudle, when are you going home? What! Our time isn't up. That's nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't do that—we shall save it again in living. But you're such a man! Your home's the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink of a night, thinking what may happen. Three fires last week; and any one might as well have been at our house as not. No—they mightn't? Well, you know what I mean—but you're such a man!

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no keeping you out of the libraries, Caudle. You're getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a nice example to set to your children, raffling as you do

for French clocks and I don't know what. But that's not the worst ; you never win anything. Oh, I forgot. Yes ; a needle-case, that under my nose you gave to Miss Prettyman. A nice thing for a married man to make presents : and to such a creature as that too. A needle-case ! I wonder when ever she has a needle in her hand !

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stop here. Nobody left in the house but that Mrs. Closepeg. And she is such a stupid woman. It was only last night that I dreamt I saw our cat quite a skeleton, and the canary stiff on its back at the bottom of the cage. You know, Caudle, I'm never happy when I'm away from home ; and yet you will stay here. No, home's my comfort ; I never want to stir over the threshold, and you know it. If thieves were to break in, what could that Mrs. Closepeg do against 'em ? And so, Caudle, you'll go home on Saturday ! Our dear—dear home ! On Saturday, Caudle ?"

"What I answered," says Caudle, "I forget ; but I know that on the Saturday, we were once again shipped on board the *Red Rover*."

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME — THE HOUSE (OF COURSE) " NOT FIT TO BE SEEN." MR. CAUDLE IN SELF-DEFENCE, TAKES A BOOK.

"After all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. I shall sleep to night. What ! You're glad of it ? That's like your sneering ; I know what you mean. Of course ; I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you wound my feelings. If you cared for your own bed like any other man, you'd not have staid out till this hour. Don't say that I drove you out of the house as soon as we came in it. I only just spoke about the dirt and the dust, —but the fact is, you'd be happy in a pigsty ! I thought I could have trusted that Mrs. Closepeg with untold gold ; and did you only see the hearth rug ? When we left home there was a tiger in it ; I should like to know who could make out the tiger now ? Oh, it's very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear.

"You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your club. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think ? No : I shan't tell you to-morrow—you shall know now. I'm sure ! Talking about getting health at Margate ; all my health went away directly I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's china mug cracked in two places. I could have set down and cried when I saw it : a mug I can recollect when I was a child. Eb ! I should have locked it up, then ? Yes : that's your feeling for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch-bowl ; but, thank goodness ! I think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the windows—you can't guess how many ! You don't care ! Well, if nobody caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows clean out, and three cracked ! You can't help it ? I should like to know where the money's to come from to mend 'em ! They shan't be mended, that's all. Then you'll see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes : you're glad of it. You think that this will keep me at home—that I'll never stir out again. Then you can go to the sea side by yourself ; then, perhaps, you can be happy wi' Miss Prettyman !—Now, Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up. It's very odd that I can't mention that person's name, but you begin to fight the bolster, and do I don't know what. There must be something in it, or you wouldn't kick about so. A guilty conscience needs no—but you know what I mean.

"She wasn't coming to town for a week ; and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. I dare say she had. And then, as she said, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She thought I should be ill again, and down in the cabin : but with all her art, she does not know the depth of me—quite. Not but what I was ill ; though, like a brute you would n't see it.

"What do you say ? Good night, love ? Yes : you can be very tender, I dare say—like all of your sex—to suit your own ends ; but I can't go to sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlour will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the knives yet, but I've made up my mind that half of 'em are lost. No : I don't always think the worst ; no, and I don't make myself unhappy before the time ; but of course that's my thanks for caring about your property. If there ain't spiders in the curtains as big as nutmegs, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom has the whole place seen since I've been away. But as soon as I get up, won't I rummage the house out, that's all. I hadn't the heart to look at my pickles ; but for all I left the door locked, I'm sure the jars have been moved. Yes, you can swear at pickles when you're in bed ; but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you wapt 'em.

"I only hope they've been to the wine cellar : then you may know what my feelings are. That poor cat too—What ! You hate cats ? Yes, poor thing ! because she's my favourite—that's it. If that cat could only speak—What ! It isn't necessary ? I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle : but if that cat could only speak, she'd tell me how she's been treated. Poor thing ! I know where the money's gone to that I left for her milk—I know. Why what have you got there, Mr. Caudle ? A book ? If you ain't allowed to sleep you'll read ? Well, now it's come to something ! If that isn't insulting a wife to bring a book to bed, I don't know what wedlock is. But you shan't read, Caudle ; no, you shan't ; not while I've strength to get up and put out a candle.

"And that's like your feelings ! You can think a great deal of trumpery books ; but for what's real and true about you, why you've the heart of a tone. I should like to know what that book's about ! What ! Milton's *Paradise Lost* ? I thought some rubbish of the sort—something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed, and a very respectable person he was who wrote it. What do I know of him ? Much more than you think. A pretty fellow, indeed, with his six wives. What ? He didn't six—he'd only three ? That's nothing to do with it ; but of course you'll take his part. Poor women ! A nice time they had with him, I dare say ! And I've no doubt, Mr. Caudle you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example : else you wouldn't read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as he treated the poor souls who married him Poets, indeed ! I'd make a law against 'em having wives, except upon paper ; for goodness help the dear creatures tied to them ! Like innocent moths lured by a candle ! Talking of candles, you don't know that the lamp in the passage is split to bits ? Do you know where you are ? What ? In the *Garden of Eden* ? Are you ? Then you've no business there at this time of night."

"And saying this," writes Caudle, "she scrambled from the bed, and put out the light."

ANECDOTE OF REUBEN NATHANS.

We derive the annexed communication from a correspondent :—"There are probably many people now living, who remember the celebrated Jew quack-doctor, Reuben Nathans, who some forty years since, and whose medicines,

the 'Chinese Balsam of Life,' and the 'Celebrated Hair-Invigorating Lotion,' made so much noise at that time. But few, I presume, have heard of the anecdote I am about to relate concerning him. When the 'Doctor's' medicines were first announced to the world, simple-minded labouring man purchased one bottle of the Lotion and another of the Balsam, for his wife, who had a consumptive cough of many years' standing, and was beside threatened with the total loss of her hair. The woman used both remedies according to directions, and as is usual with ignorant people, in such cases, thought they were really doing her a vast deal of good. The cough seemed to her to be going away rapidly ; she 'breathed freer,' while her hair appeared to be coming back again thicker than ever. As a natural consequence, she felt very great confidence in the medicines ; and when the first lot of Balsam was all used, she sent her husband to get the bottle filled again. The doctor asked the man how the medicine operated ?

"Oh, grandly !" replied the husband ; 'my wife's cough's e'en-a'most gone, and her hair's all coming back again as fiery as ever.'

"Ah," said the doctor, 'that's the way my medicines always work. There's no mistake about them. They're just what I call them, the 'greatest wonders of the age.' I suppose you've no objection to give me your affidavit ?'

"Oh, no," replied the man ; 'that's just what my wife wants me to do.'

The couple then repaired to the mayor's office, where an affidavit was drawn up, sworn to, and witnessed. On returning to the doctor's shop, the quack took up the empty bottle for the purpose of refilling it. Uncorking it, he put it to his nose and smelt of it.

"Why, what can this mean ?" he exclaimed, in some astonishment ; and then, after looking at the label, he smelt of it again. 'Why, Sir, this is n't balsam, though the label says so, but the 'hair lotion' !'

"Hair lotion or not," replied the man, pointing to the bottle, 'that's what cured my wife's dreadful cough, and the stuff in the other bottle at home is what made her hair grow again !'

"Strange ! strange !" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled countenance ; 'I don't know what to make of it. Will you be kind enough, Sir, just to step back and get me the other bottle—the hair lotion, I mean ?'

"The man did so, and soon returned with the lotion-bottle. The doctor took it, and applied his nose to the mouth.

"And this," said he, 'is just as surely the balsam as the other is the lotion. Don't you think there was some mistake on your part, Sir ? Are you sure that what was in this bottle made your wife's hair grow again ?'

"Just as certain as I'm alive," replied the man ; 'for I always turned it out myself, while Betsey held the spoon.'

The doctor sat down in a chair, and, laying a finger on his nose, seemed buried in profound thought.

"Ah ! I see !" he at length exclaimed, and jumping up, he filled the empty bottle again. 'There, Sir,' said he, giving it to the man, and hurrying him to the door ; 'all's right, Sir ; I was a little bothered, that's all. Call again when that's gone, and you shall have another for nothing.'

"As soon as he had shut the door on his customer, the doctor called in his 'confidential' man from the 'laboratory.'

"Moshe," said he, 'we've made a great mistake in our guess work, after all. I've been studying ver' hard, lately, and have just discovered that our lotion is the stuff to cure the coughs and the consumptions, and the balsam is the besht to make the hair grow ! We must change the labels.'

"That's unlucky," replied the man, 'for we've got four thousand bottles, two thousand of each kind, all ready to send away to-morrow.'

"Vel, vel," said the Doctor, 'you can change the labels if you have time ; if not, send them off as they are. 'Tis n't mosh matter !"—*Knickerbocker Gossip*.

Miscellaneous Articles.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES IN FRANCE.

The Parisians have been celebrating the anniversary of their three revolutionary days, with unabated enthusiasm, and more than the accustomed splendour. The Seine has been made to figure largely in the programme of their amusements ; and some of those amusements remind us of the quaint, and somewhat mischievous, diversions which made the festivals of the people, in some of the Flemish cities, centuries ago. Such, for example, were the water tiltings which took place between the Pont Royal and the Pont de la Concorde—the members of the Parisian rowing clubs being the chivalry. These maneuvres are executed on board of four-oared cutters ; whose warrior crews, armed with blunt lances, drive violently against one another—each striving to strike his adversary into the river. Then, there were the swimming justs—the combatants in which wear a head-piece representing a swan with its long neck—so that, as they sport in the water, they resemble those birds, to the spectators on the shore. Such, too, are the bucket races ; wherein each competitor sits in a sort of washing-tub, which he manoeuvres with a pair of small battle-axes. These tiltings produce a variety of grotesque (and, we should think, some dangerous) incidents ; all which are hailed, in the true spirit of mischief, by shouts of laughter from the crowded quays and barges of the river. The Genius of Fire seems to have surpassed himself, on this occasion ; and the story of his doings transports us, at once, from the low countries of Europe to the fairy land of the East. Persia rises to the reader's imagination—though it may be doubted if they do "manage these things better" in Paris than over they did in Persia. At night, multitudes of boats and gondolas, rigged with garlands of lighted lamps, that represented cordage in a trayery of many coloured fire, shot over the surface of the river, crossing and mingling in all directions. Four illuminated steamboats carried orchestras—their course, amid the intricacies of the smaller craft, revealed at once by their floating harmonies and gliding lights. The effect of these mingling meteors is described as having been charming—and we can well believe it. Then, the moving lights upon the river were framed by stationary masses of coloured light upon the shore,—taking the form of obelisks and vases filled with fruit and flowers,—rising along the quays and on the Pont de la Concorde, and repeated, in light, in the mirror below. Gigantic lustres of variegated lamps hung in the arcades of the bridge—whose architecture, or arch, pillar, and balustrade, was all revealed in lines of variegated light. In the midst of the river, near the Pont Royal, towered an illuminated palace, and showed itself reversed in the wave below : while along the bank of the Seine, opposite to the Champs Elysees, rose the magnificent facade, in coloured light, of a Moorish palace, of vast extent, looking in the distance, like a fantastic edifice. Fireworks played upon the river, on the bridge, and from the shore. The ripples of the river were all, momentarily, turned into fire, by the brilliant explosion of pieces that were floated down its stream on corks cut for the purpose : fountains of fire and palm trees of fire shone along the shore ; while on the water, four large

ships, vomiting fire accompanied by explosions, represented the burning of a flotilla. All the great national monuments were lighted, in the streets : the Arch of the *Etoile* shone in fire to its very summit ; and twenty thousand jets of flame climbed the front of the Hôtel de Ville, and twined around its belfry in graceful and glowing forms. It was the French "feast of lanterns."

#### ROTHSCHILD AND HORACE VERNET.

One of the most pungent anecdotes connected with the fine arts which we have for a length of time met with attaches the name of the millionaire to that of the greatest and most original artist of the age. In a former number, a correspondent (it may perhaps be remembered) gave a critical analysis of the large painting of "The Capture of the Smala of Abd-ni-Kader," which has since been exhibited at the Louvre. Amongst the other points upon which the critic dwelt was the masterly introduction of a Jew flying from the charge of the French amongst the jostling herds, which, mad with agony and terror, appeared to be rushing through the front of the painting. It seems that immediately upon the exposition of this noble picture, the figure of the flying Jew became the principal attraction in the gallery. Successive groups poured before it to chuckle at what appeared a fortuitous resemblance, until drop by drop as such stories leak out, its history stole gradually into circulation ; and the reason for which Vernet consecrated the head of the Rothschilds to immortal ridicule became the most popular and interesting *cancan* in the salons. It would appear that the wealthy Jew paid a visit to the *atelier* of Horace, to know whether the master would paint a portrait of him, the Rothschild. Vernet of course consented, and was asked to name his price—"Three thousand francs," answered the painter. And the sum was small enough, in all conscience, as the price of a portrait by such a master. Arago has given six or seven times as much for a landscape by Gudin—"Nonsense," said the Rothschild, with the true spirit of a huckster, "you can never intend asking three thousand francs for a portrait." "No," said Vernet, on reflection, "it ought to be four." The Jew tried to beat down the painter, but the only effect his arguments had was to make Vernet raise his price successively to five and six thousand francs, and the millionaire left the *atelier* of the painter. On the succeeding day, however, he returned to try the power of persuasion still upon the man of the brush. He had inflexible material to deal with. "This time, M. Rothschild," said Horace, "I have reflected more maturely upon the subject, and the price of the portrait will be twelve thousand francs." The obstinacy of the painter almost made the dealer in stock and scrip mad. He expostulated for a long time in vain. At last Vernet said, "Well, M. Rothschild, if you will, I must paint your portrait for nothing." The pride of the millionaire, of course, spurned such an offer. "Impossible," he said ; "in that case I shall not sit for my portrait." "Excuse me," said the master, politely bowing him out, "but you have done so." The opening of the Louvre solved the meaning of the painter's words, and they who laughed first at the painting laughed even more when they listened to the legend.—*Morning Post.*

It has often been remarked that there is a great deal of sly wit in an Irish bull, and no doubt there is, oftentimes. When a school boy, we had in our class a little fellow of the true Milesian blood, who was more noted for his delinquencies, and the droll excuses he offered for them, than his attention to the legitimate business of the school. One afternoon, when 'school did n't keep,' some one got into the house, and perpetrated a little bit of mischief. In the morning it was laid to PATRICK, and there was pretty good evidence of his guilt ; but he denied it plomplly. 'Where was you, all the afternoon, PATRICK ?' inquired the master. 'No where,' answered the boy, doggedly. 'No where?' echoed the master, assuming a very wise look, and casting his eyes around the room, to see if the boys noted him, his custom always when about to utter any impressive remarks : 'That Nowhere must be a great place, for a good many boys go there, I find. But how came you to go there, PATRICK ?' 'Because,' replied the little delinquent, 'I had no where to go, and so I went there.' The scholars thought that a capital bull, and a loud laugh from the whole school followed it, in which the master joined heartily. The culprit was told to go to his seat, and that the punishment intended for him might be reserved—until the next time. As he returned to his place, there was a sly twinkle in his wicked eye, and a swelling of the left cheek, as if his tongue were thrust against the inner side. His triumph was complete.—*Knickerbocker.*

**HEDGEHOGS.**—One of the most interesting facts in the natural history of the hedgehog is that announced in 1331 by M. Lenz, and which is now confirmed by Professor Buckland. That is, that the most violent poisons have no effect upon it—a fact which renders it of peculiar value in forests, where it appears to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. M. Lenz says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, which he had kept in a large box, and which very soon became mild and familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the legs, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between the hedgehog and the viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake—for in those animals the sense of sight is very obtuse—she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do much harm ; for having disengaged its head, it assumed a ferocious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devouring every part of the body. M. Lenz says that battles of this sort occurred in the presence of many persons ; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young she was suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Pallas, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about 100 cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which the insect taken inwardly produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of his study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruit, when it can get nothing it likes better. Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.

**RUSSIAN JUSTICE.**—Letters from Codolla announce that Count Miecis Poleszki, the greatest noble of that country, and whose fortune is estimated at more than 60,000,000 Polish florins (40,000,000f.) has just been placed, by order of the emperor, in solitary confinement in one of the subterranean dun-

geons of the city of Kief. Count Potocki after being divorced from his first wife, married a lady without fortune, the daughter of a retired military officer at Kief, by whom he had one son heir to his immense fortune. Suddenly a complaint was made to the Governor General of Kief by Countess Potocki, against her husband, whom she accused of attempting to poison his only son. The governor-general reported the affair to the emperor, who ordered the arrest and imprisonment of the count. In Russia, when families who have causes to plead in a court of law are rich, and can conciliate the favour of the tribunals and of the senate, judicial processes are almost interminable, and frequently last 20 or 30 years. Count Potocki may, therefore, end his days in prison before any definitive judgment is pronounced. The emperor has called on the nobles of the province to efface the count's name from its registers ; but, after deliberating on the matter, they have humbly represented to the emperor that they could not attack the honour of one of their members until judgment had been pronounced against him.—*French paper.*

**AN AMAZON.**—The *Constitutionnel* mentions that a woman has just died at Ghent who for 17 years performed military service during the wars of the empire. Her name was Marie Schillynck ; she was born at Ghent ; she was present at 12 battles, received six sabre wounds at Gemappes, and was taken prisoner in Italy. At the passage of the bridge of Arcola she received a musket ball in the thigh. Her sex, although known, did not prevent Napoleon's conferring on her the rank of lieutenant. At the battle of Jena she received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and a pension of 700 francs. The Emperor, in bestowing the cross upon her, said, "Receive from my hands the reward of the brave, which you so well deserve." Then, turning to the officers, he said, "Honour this courageous woman ; she is one of the glories of the empire." The Philanthropic Society of the officers of the empire, established at Ghent, in order to do honour to the memory of Marie Schillynck, have entered her name as an honorary member of the society.

**A PEER PREACHER.**—An announcement having been sent forth that the Right Hon. Lord Teynham would preach at Castle-street Chapel, Swansea, on Wednesday evening last, the meeting house was literally crammed at seven o'clock, the hour appointed for holding the service. His lordship selected for his text the 4th verse, the 51st Psalm, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned," &c. and preached for about an hour. It appears that his lordship has practised preaching from an early age, and previous to succeeding to the peerage, laboured in connection with the Home Missionary Society, which so displeased his father, the late lord, that, in his will, he deprived him of everything, with the exception of the entailed estate. A portion of the property has, however, since reverted to him by the death of two of his brothers. His lordship was on his way to Ireland, and preached on Thursday evening at Llanelli,—*Cambridge.*

**THE MAID AND THE SPIDER.**—The *Gazette de Tribunaux* relates the following anecdote, which, if true, throws into the shade the story upon which the opera of the *Gazza Ladra* is founded. M. P.—has two enamel shirt studs surmounted by a small fly of burnished steel, so beautifully wrought that he frequently deceived his friends by feigning to be annoyed by flies. One of these studs was lost. M. P.—had certain suspicions, but for want of proof thought it prudent to suppress them. The following year the fellow stud also disappeared, whereupon the old servant was accused of the theft and dismissed. Some days afterwards Madame P.—perceived a large spider's web, behind the wainscot of her apartment, and upon her brushing it down what was her surprise at seeing the two studs fall to the ground ! An enormous spider, deceived by the resemblance, and thinking to have caught a fly, had hidden the studs in its web. The innocence of the servant being thus proved, she was instantly recalled.

**A "DEAF" JUROR.—RATHER GREEN.**—In the Nisi Prius Court, at Bridgewater, on Tuesday last, a juror appeared in the witness box, and claimed exemption on the ground of deafness. Mr. Baron Platt, in a very sudden tone of voice, interrogated the deaf'un. "How long have you been deaf?" inquired the judge. The juror unhesitatingly answered, "Two years." The judge, in a much less audible tone : "How was your deafness caused?"—Juror (without evincing the least difficulty in hearing) : "I caught a severe cold."—Judge in (a voice almost reduced to a whisper) : "Don't you think your deafness is cured?"—"No, my lord," answered the unsuspecting jurymen. "Oh, you'll do very well, sir," replied his lordship, amidst roars of laughter.

**DANGER TO ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.**—A letter from Rome contains the following :—One of the most splendid monuments of catholic art, the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, inspires serious alarm in the minds of the architects of this city. For a long time past the cupola has been cracked in many places, and ten arches of iron, weighing 60,000 kilogrammes, have been placed so as to prevent its fall. It has just been discovered that the lanternino, above which rises the cross which crowns the edifice, is cracked through and through. The numerous lightning conductors, which had been erected by Pope Pius VII. for the protection of the edifice, remove all idea of this mischief having been the effect of a thunder storm. The lanternino is being surrounded by heavy iron chains, to prevent the cracks from extending.—*Galigani.*

**MR. NEWMAN AND HIS PARTY.**—The Bishop of Chichester, in a letter dated last month (July), says, "I believe there is no one of those among the clergy who have watched the progress of late events in our church, including many brethren on the bench, who is not aware that the adherents of Mr. Newman (for he is the real leader of the party) are few in number. A short time will now probably suffice to prove this fact. It is well known that Mr. Newman is preparing for secession ; and, when that event takes place it will be seen how few will go with him."

**Musical Memoranda.**—Extraordinary interest is excited towards the Commemoration of Beethoven, at Bonn, which commences on the 10th inst. Every room and bed in the little town had been engaged at enormous prices, and the windows of some of the houses in the Cathedral-square, where the monument stands, and the ceremony of the inauguration will take place, have been let at as high a price as they obtained in London to witness the coronation of Queen Victoria. Many of the most celebrated professors and amateurs of Europe will be there. We know of several who have gone from London alone, for the sole purpose of being present, and thus testifying their sense of the merits of the great composer. The fete will last three days, during which the fronts of the houses will be ornamented with wreaths and garlands of flowers ; all the public buildings will exhibit transparancies ; there will be a general illumination every evening, when even the churches and steeples will be decorated, as during Easter week at Rome ; and there will be magnificent displays of fireworks in various parts of the town—the chief being on the terrace of the Observatory.

## Latest Intelligence.

**INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF ENGLAND**—Before the closing of the session of the British Parliament of this year, an important return was presented to the members, from which we extract the following—

An account of the public income and expenditure of the United Kingdom in the years 1843, 1844, and 1845. As this return is only to the 5th of last January, it does not include the results of the tariff alterations of the present session.

The national income, as appears by this return, has been gradually increasing year after year, while the expenditure has remained nearly stationary. Thus the results may be briefly given:—

INCOME.	
1843 .....	£51,120,040
1844 .....	56,935,022
1845 .....	58,590,217
EXPENDITURE.	
1843 .....	£55,195,159
1844 .....	55,501,740
1845 .....	55,103,647

Thus it appears, that in the year ending Jan. 5, 1843, there was £4,075,119 excess of expenditure over income, but there was an excess of income over expenditure in 1844 and 1845—nearly one million and a half in the former, and three millions and a half in the latter year.

The sources whence our immense revenue is derived are various. Taking the general heads for last year, we find them to be as follows:—

Customs and Excise .....	£38,576,684
Stamps .....	7,327,803
Assessed and Land Taxes .....	4,429,870
Property and Income Tax .....	5 329,601
Post Office .....	1,705,068
Crown Lands .....	441,583
Other Ordinary Revenue .....	394,598
Money from China .....	385,008
	£58,590,217

On the other hand, the expenditure runs into a great variety of channels. Last year, the mere cost of collecting the Customs and Revenue was £1,406,586; and with the Preventive Service charges, amounted to £1,967,584. The collection of Stamps, Assessed Taxes, &c., was £2,860,536. Here, then, the mere expense of collecting the revenue amounts to nearly five millions sterling, or about one-twelfth. This is an enormous per centage, and exemplifies the truth of the ancient adage—"The king's cheese is lost in the parings."

The annual cost of the Civil Government of England may be stated at £1,618,265, and may be enumerated as follows:—

Queen's Establishment .....	£371,800
Allowance to the Royal Family .....	277,000
Irish Vice-royalty .....	26,440
Houses of Parliament .....	100,646
Civil Departments .....	538,593
For Annuities, &c. .....	277,501
For Pensions .....	6,285

Under the expenses for "Justice," we find £559,782 for Courts of Justice; £594,312 for Police and Criminal Prosecutions; and £703,111 for "Correction."

The diplomatic expenses are £380,609 for the year; namely, £181,186 for foreign ministers, salaries, and pensions; £129,393 for consuls' salaries and superannuation allowances; and £70,120 for disbursements and outfit.

The annual expense of the British Army and Navy amount to about £13,961,245, which comprises:—

Expense of the Army .....	£6,178,714
Ditto Navy .....	5,858,219
Ditto Ordnance .....	1,924,312

Lieut. Hawkey, who shot Mr. Seyton in the late duel at Gosport, and Lieut. Pym, the second of that unfortunate gentleman, have been removed from the list of officers of the Royal Marine corps.

The Ordnance authorities have reported in favour of Mr. Beningfield's "electric gun," which, at an expense of £10, continues for eighteen hours discharging balls to kill at the distance of a mile, more than could be discharged in the same time by two regiments of infantry.

On Monday evening a tea-party was held by the operatives cotton-spinners of Bolton, in the Temperance Hall, to commemorate the great and important fact of the masters having made two advances of wages, not only without a strike, but with the utmost cheerfulness and good-will.

The mortality returns for the spring quarter, recently published by the Registrar-General, have just been published. The deaths in the whole kingdom during the quarter were 40,729; but this, though 1235 more than were registered on an average in the corresponding five quarters of the five years, is allowing for the increase of population, somewhat below the average.

An explosion of fire-damp took place on Thursday, in a colliery at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by which, it is said, upwards of fifty persons lost their lives! These accidents have become fearfully frequent of late.

**THE FIRES AT QUEBEC**.—The lords of the admiralty have sent instructions to the officers of the Royal William Victualling Yard, at Stonehouse, to deliver for the use of the sufferers by fire at Quebec, 4395 blankets, 100 blue jackets, 200 pairs of shoes, 190 flannel drawers, 200 pair of worsted stockings, 200 flannel waistcoats, and 400 shirts.

**IRON VESSELS OF WAR**.—Mr. John Barber, of London, is said to have discovered a means by which he will be enabled to obviate the strongest objection which has yet been raised against the use of iron vessels for the purpose of naval warfare—namely, that the injuries sustained by shots taking effect through the hulls, being unsusceptible of immediate and perfect remedy, must subject vessels so injured to inevitable loss.

**THE IRON TRADE**.—In 1649, the quantity of pig-iron produced in England was only 17,000 tons, from 59 furnaces; in 1750, it had increased to 22,000 tons; in 1788, the amount was 68,000 tons, and 121 furnaces; in 1806, the number of furnaces had increased to 169, producing 250,000 tons, and in 1820, the amount of pig-iron in England was 400,000 tons, while, last year, the total produce of pig-iron could not have been less than 800,000 tons, which has considerably increased in proportion in the first six months of the present year.

**EFFECT OF GUANO ON VINES AND ORANGE TREES**.—Mr. Drivers, in Madeira, in February last, used four bags of guano on four acres of vines, the result of which is that he has four-fold the quantity of grapes produced on former years, which, of course, will yield four times the quantity of wine, unless bad weather occur between this and the vintage. Mr. D. also tried it with orange trees, which have given nearly double the usual number, and much larger in size.

**THE CONFLAGRATION AT QUEBEC**.—A public meeting was held in the Mansion house, Dublin, on Tuesday last, the Archbishop of Dublin in the chair, to organize a subscription for the relief of the sufferers at Quebec. Resolutions in favour of that object were passed unanimously.

**THE COLLEGES BILL**.—At a meeting held at Armagh, the other day, for the purpose of recommending that palace as the site of the college of Ulster, the Right Rev. Dr. Crolly, R. C. Primate, spoke of the bill as having been amended by Government on the recommendation of the Roman Catholic prelates, in a manner "calculated to afford general satisfaction," and declared his willingness to give the system fair trial.

Miss Cushman made her *début* at the Brighton theatre on Monday evening in Milman's extravagant and ill-constructed tragedy of "Fazio." The reception given to the transalpine actress was hearty on the extreme. The part of *Biancha*, in which Miss Cushman appeared, is well adapted to the display of her peculiar style of acting; her exertions, which were great, were frequently rewarded with enthusiastic applause, and at the close of the tragedy she was called for and cheered to her heart's content.

It is difficult, as the reader will at once perceive, to give an opinion on the merits of a tragic actress upon a single representation; and therefore, in venturing to say what we think of Miss Cushman, we do so qualifiedly, and subject to the liberty of amending our opinion on a more intimate acquaintance with her powers. Our present impression is, that she succeeds better in delineating the boisterous passions than those of a tender nature, and that her action is rather remarkable for power than for grace. We must unequivocally pronounce Miss Cushman to be superior to any of the actresses who in the present day attempt to take the lead in tragedy. She plays from the heart, she is a creature of impulse, and many of her scenes are executed with a power which sends the blood thrilling through the veins. Her voice, too, is clear and powerful, her elocution rises at times to an impassioned and commanding tone, and through her action is hurried and redundant, her attitudes are marked and beautiful, and show off a fine figure to much advantage.

Perhaps, too, it is but fair to a stranger to say, that, with the exception of *Geraldine Fazio*, which was most respectably played by Mr. Graham, but little support was given by the company to Miss Cushman, who, besides her own part, had to play the prompter to some of those around her. The scenes too with *Aldabella* were considerably marred by the incompetency of the lady to whom that part was assigned.—*Brighton Guardian*.

**THE RAILWAYS OF THE SESSION OF 1845**.—Now that the most eventful session of Parliament recorded in railway history has reached its close, we are enabled to announce, from our official returns, the following as the great results of its legislation. Parliament has sanctioned the construction of 2090 miles of new railways in England and Scotland, and of 560 miles in Ireland. This is in effect to double the extent of railways of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland. The capital authorised to be raised in shares for this purpose amounts to £31,680,000, exclusive of £6,800,000 required for the Irish lines, making in all £38,480,000 to be applied in England within the next two or three years for our own railways. The cost of the new railways per mile will be thus very much less than that of existing lines. The average of the new is nearly £15,000 per mile, and that of the old exceeds £30,000 per mile. It will thus be seen that the amount to be provided for the new railways is not so enormous as has been supposed from the number of bills before Parliament. At the same time it is sufficiently large to require serious consideration, and to arrest the progress of reckless speculation. £10,000,000 a-year for the next three years can be easily spared by a nation whose annual savings are calculated to exceed £50,000,000. By an investment of these £30,000,000 profitably, the country will be enriched, and multitudes benefited both at present and permanently. At the same time the demands for money, when the calls for these works come to be made, will be sufficient to put a check upon all idle and foolish schemes, such as those against which we have warned our readers. The expected revenge from, these new lines considerably exceeds £2,000,000 sterling per annum.—*Railway Chronicle*.

It appears certain, says the *National*, that Louis Philippe has several times advised Mme. Munoz (Queen Maria Christina) to return to France. It is also very positively stated, that steps have been very actively and perseveringly taken to ensure a marriage between the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta Donna Louisa Fernanda.

Some dissatisfaction has been expressed by the holders of Pennsylvania stock, that faith has not been quite kept with them in the matter of their bonds. The payment of the interest, they gratifyingly acknowledge, has been resumed, and provision has been made for the payment of the arrears, but the certificates of the new stock bear interest at the rate of 4½, whereas the former were at the rate of 5 and 6 per cent.

The Overland Mail arrived on the 21st ult., the commercial accounts by which possess no striking feature, and may, upon the whole, be considered favorable. Exchange was brisk, and freights for England had improved. The cholera was sweeping over Western India, and hurrying its victims over to their last account. At Lahore the mortality was dreadful—bordering on 30,000! From China there is nothing new.

**THE ENGLISH HARVEST**.—Whatever may be the result of the present harvest, it is, we believe, unquestionable, that so far as human exertions can go, much more has been done in the last year to obtain a good produce from the land than was ever done before. We are not without strong hope that even yet a fair crop will be obtained this season, certainly inferior in quality to that of last year, but probably considerably more in quantity. This we say, though we suspect that most of the accounts from the country which tell us that as yet no damage has been done, and more flattering than true. Some districts have indeed been wonderfully fortunate compared with others, but we rather think it must be admitted that in all more or less damage has been done to the grain crops. On the other hand, it should be observed that the crops were heavier on the ground at the end of July than they were almost ever known to be before, and if four-fifths of the corn should come to maturity, and be safely harvested, the crop will still be an average one. It is also to be observed, that while last year was almost a failure in respect to green crops and roots, this year promises the greatest abundance in that description of farming. Last year the difficulty was to find food for cattle; this year it is to find stock to

eat the food. Upon the whole, notwithstanding the scarcity of sunshine this year, and the abundance of wet, we may hope that, taking all things together, there will be a fair average of general produce; and though the toil and anxiety of the farmer will be great, the ultimate results will be better than they sometimes are in seasons which lead to very low prices.

**THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S TOAST AT BRUHL**—*The Moniteur Belge* contains the following, under date, Cologne, 13th August:—"The following are the exact words of the toast which the King of Prussia gave yesterday at the dinner at Bruhl, and which was received with the liveliest enthusiasm by the august guests:—'Sirs,—Fill your glasses to the brim! The burthen of the toast is a word (*un cri*) which resounds with an inexpressible charm in all British and German hearts. One day it sounded as the sign of a fraternity of arms, triumphant upon a field a battle with difficulty gained. This day, after a peace of thirty years' duration, the fruit of those arduous days, it resounds in the lands of Germany, on the banks of the noble stream of the Rhine. The word is—Victoria! Sirs, empty your glasses to the bottom. The toast is her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Long live the Queen Victoria and her illustrious Consort.'"

Electric telegraphs are to be established on all the railways throughout France.

The late Duke of Kent was the son of a king, the brother of three kings, and father of a queen, but never a king himself.

It is said to be the intention of the British Government to establish steam communication from Valparaiso to New Zealand, thence to Sydney, and from Sydney to Singapore.

Dublin has now attained the third in rank of importance as a commercial depot, being only exceeded by London and Liverpool.

The cheap railway trains, now so general, bring thousands of persons from the manufacturing and the agricultural districts, on a visit to Liverpool, who never before saw a seaport, a ship, or even the sea.

Sweden at present possesses forty-three steamboats, of which seven are of iron, of 1736 horses' power, the largest being 120 and the smallest of six horses' power. Finland has eight, of which two ply regularly between Abo and Stockholm.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. John J. Peavey, as Consul at Pictou, in Nova Scotia; and of Mr. Abraham Morrell, as Consul at Turk's Island, for the United States of America.

**THE BEETHOVEN MONUMENT.**—The inauguration of the Beethoven monument at Bonn, commenced on Monday. The musical performances were under the direction of Spohr. There were fireworks on the Rhine in the evening.

On Monday evening the crowning glory of the musical commemoration, viz., the solemn inauguration of the statue of Beethoven, in the Munster Platz, took place. The whole place was crowded, and the brilliant hues of countless flags and banners which were displayed on every side, and glittering arms and accoutrements of the military flashing through the trees in the sunlight, mingled with the fantastic and grotesque dresses of the students, and the showy liveries of the Royal attendants, formed an extremely gorgeous and novel scene. The King of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, with their usual suites, arrived by the railroad from Bruhl at twelve o'clock, and proceeded thence in the Royal carriages to the house of M. Von Farstenberg, situated at the bottom of the platz, where a light and elegant balcony, tastefully draped with crimson cloth and gold lace, was prepared for their accommodation. The inaugural address was pronounced by Dr. Breidenstein, and then followed the festal song composed for the occasion by the same professor, which was beautifully executed. The statue was then suddenly uncovered, and this was the signal for a loud burst of enthusiasm, which was increased, but not overpowered, by a salute of artillery, the band performing one of Beethoven's favourite melodies.

On Tuesday morning there was a musical performance in the King's Gardens, in the university, and the steamboat "Ludwig Von Beethoven" was christened in the presence of the authorities of the town and the leading musical artists, and at two o'clock an excursion took place to Nonnewerth, as had been previously arranged.

The second grand concert took place on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, the third and last grand concert took place. It commenced with Liszt's festival cantata, composed in honour of the Beethoven festival, which was very effectively performed. Just at the close of the cantata their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert arrived. The Royal party advanced up the centre aisle to the seats reserved for them at the top of the hill, next the orchestra. There was no cheering, the immense auditory standing quietly and respectfully in their places till the Majesties were seated. The orchestra then played the English national anthem, the leading singers of both sexes taking part in it. At the request of her Majesty, Liszt again played the festal cantata, and the result of the previous rehearsal, as it may be termed, enabled them to accomplish it with much better effect. The Queen paid marked attention to the performances during her stay, and Prince Albert recognized several of the musical performers near him, and courteously addressed them. The rest of the day was commemorated by public dinners at which many of the leading singers and musicians from all parts of Europe were present, and the night closed with music and dancing.

**SERIOUS RELIGIOUS RIOTS AT LEIPSIC.**—Accounts from Germany give a deplorable account of the state of Saxony and other parts of Germany, in consequence of the religious excitement which prevails in that country, and which is every day increasing. On the 12th of August a very serious riot broke out at Leipsic, and, according to the latest account, that city was still in a state of the greatest excitement. On that day Prince John of Saxony, the general in command of the Communal Guards, arrived at Leipsic to review the guards. An immense crowd of the inhabitants assembled on the occasion, who received the prince on his arrival on the ground with shouts, hooting, and cries of "Viva Ronge," "Viva Robert Blum," and "Down with the Jesuits." The review went off for some time quietly, but again the same shouts and cries were renewed, and the people were becoming very riotous. They sang the Luther's Cantique in full chorus, and an appropriate song from Schiller's Ruber. The review, however, passed off without any actual riot or outbreak, though the people were so exasperated and excited that they appeared ready for any mischief. In the evening a vast mass of the populace, and among them a great number of the students of the university, took possession of the square in front of the Hotel de Prusse, where the prince had taken up his quarters. The Cantique was again sung, as well as the song from Schiller, and a good deal of excitement prevailed. At length some person threw a stone at the windows of the prince's apartment, and the example was followed by thousands of others. The whole of the windows of the hotel were demolished in a few minutes.

Fearing that the guard of honour attending the prince would not be sufficient to repel an attack if it were attempted, a regiment of infantry garrisoned in the town was called out at ten o'clock. Some attempts were made by the troops to disperse the crowds, but finding them ineffectual, orders were given for them to fire. So unexpected was the discharge, that even those who were assisting the authorities to restore order were unable to get out of the way. Upwards of thirty persons were killed and wounded, among whom were two gentlemen in the employment of the government, an agent police, and several persons who had taken no part in the riot, and who were walking peacefully in front of the Hotel de Prusse. Nine persons were taken up dead on the spot. The exasperation of the people at the conduct of the military is extreme, for it is said that there was no good reason that they should fire. The prince left Leipsic at daybreak on the 13th, but even at that hour a great number of the inhabitants were on foot, who hooted him till he was beyond the boundaries of the town. From the last accounts, it appears that the peace of the town was not again disturbed, but a great degree of excitement prevailed. The Communal Guards were on duty, and the troops, against whom the public indignation still manifested itself, were confined to their barracks. Some additional troops from the neighbourhood were brought to Leipsic in the course of the 13th. In passing through the street, they were followed by crowds of the students and others, and saluted with the most opprobrious epithets. The greatest alarm still prevailed among the inhabitants. Commerce was at a standstill, and all the shops were shut. It appears that the exasperation of the people against Prince John proceeded from the fact that he is one of the most open and declared opponents of the Protestant church, and that as a member of the council of state he opposed the granting liberty to the new German Church, to perform divine service according to its new forms.—Morning Chronicle.—[From other accounts it appears that the fact of the prince having sent his son to some other university than that of Leipsic had also given offence in that city. The prince was very coldly received at Chemnitz, through which he passed on his way to Leipsic.]

**POLAND.**—The *Constitutionnel* contains the following article relative to the state of Poland:—"Every day ukases more and more rigorous press upon unfortunate Poland. The following is the most recent, against desertion:—Any family concealing a deserter, a member of such family, or the parish to which he belongs, shall furnish two recruits for the one concealed; the deserter shall suffer the punishment prescribed by military law, and afterwards be reinstated in the army. In case the family cannot furnish two members fit for service, the parish shall be subjected to the expense, for having neglected to deliver up the deserter. Should it ever happen that the parish cannot furnish two persons fit for service, the heads of the culpable families shall receive a certain number of lashes, and be sent into Siberia. Persons culpable, and to whom corporal punishment cannot be administered (the nobles and honorary citizens,) shall pay a fine of 1200 silver roubles for each deserter, whose guilt shall have come to their knowledge; and 600 roubles, when in ignorance of the crime, which ignorance they must be able to prove." This ukase can but have for its end the depopulating of the kingdom of Poland."

**GREECE.**—Accounts from Greece, via Trieste, state that the disorders on the frontiers still continued. At Athens it was considered probable that a coalition would take place between Metaxa and Mavrocordato, before which Colletti would be forced to give way.

**TURKEY.**—By letters from Belgrade we learn that Upper Albania was in a state of insurrection. The Seraskier, who had entered the country with a considerable body of troops, had been unexpectedly attacked at Pisren, on his march to Jakou. In revenge he burnt twenty-five Albanian villages. After this terrible example, the Seraskier assembled the principal Albanian chiefs at Jakou, and insisted upon their laying down their arms, submitting, like all the other provinces of the empire, to recruitment for the army, and giving hostages for their fidelity. The chiefs refused compliance, and called out all the warlike population of the mountains. The Seraskier intends to make attacks upon the Albanians at several points, having brought 3000 men from Scroda, and being joined by a corps of Catholic Mirdites.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

We gave last week an account of her Majesty's embarkation, arrival at Antwerp, and progress up the Rhine, as far as Aix-la-Chapelle. It was remarked that the royal travellers looked remarkably well, notwithstanding their tempestuous voyage, and were everywhere received with demonstrations of profound respect.

The whole of the Belgian Royal Family accompanied the Queen to Verviers in the train, and then returned to the Palace of Laken at Brussels. The next station at which the train stopped was Habershahl, the point at which the Prussian territory commences. Here it had been arranged that her Majesty should be received by the Crown Prince of Prussia, who made his appearance immediately on the arrival of the train, and was most cordially received by her Majesty. He went into the royal carriage. The characteristic enthusiasm of the Prussians was exhibited here also. The cheering was deafening, and had her Majesty's arrival taken place in the heart of her own dominions, instead of in those of a foreign sovereign, the reception she received could not have been more warm and hearty. The station is very spacious, and a very handsome bridge crosses it at the frontier line. On one side of the bridge is the Belgian lion; on the other, the black eagle of Prussia. Over the former waved the bicolor, and over the latter the black and white flag of Prussia. At Aix-la-Chapelle a similar scene was presented, but on a larger scale. The Prussian troops lined the station, in which there also was a very large assembly of Herren and Frauen. Here the King of Prussia was waiting to receive her Majesty and Prince Albert. As soon as the royal carriage stopped before the station, the King advanced towards it, and banded out her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the royal suite followed; and the whole party, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers from the people, the clang of military music, and the firing of salutes, passed through the station to the carriages which were drawn up at the back, in which they went off towards the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. A large body of gentlemen on horseback, dressed in the colours of the national flag—very jet black and very pure white—escorted the royal party through the town. The principal street was spanned with triumphal arches, and lined on either side with immense festoons of fir, laurel, and flowers. The houses were hung with garlands, and the windows crowded with people. The Queen and Prince and their royal hosts proceeded at once to the house of M. Nelsone, the burgomaster, and an extensive manufacturer, where they partook of lunch. They then went to the tomb of Charlemagne in the Cathedral. This is the "lion" of Aix-la-Chapelle. The royal party returned to the station at about a quarter to five o'clock, having been

away altogether about three hours. In a few minutes the train was again in motion. At a small place called Langerweide the train stopped for a few minutes, and again at Duren, where there was a great display of Prussian beauties, troops, music, laurels, and enthusiasm. Here, too, the Landwehr, or national militia of Prussia, made for the first time their appearance, and a very soldier-like body of men they are. But, gratifying as the reception of her Majesty by the Prussians must have already been, Cologne presented a still more striking spectacle. As the spires of the ancient city became visible in the distance, so also were there signs that its vast population were on the stir. When the train neared the station a dense mass of people were to be seen, who had collected there to view her Majesty's arrival. There were triumphal arches, festoons, bands of music, and, above all, troops in abundance—in fact, the same scene which had been enacted at almost every station on the way down was now repeated, but on a gigantic scale. The whole population of the city seemed to have poured out, so dense and so enormous was the crowd. The royal party left the railway for the private carriages, which were drawn up outside the station, and drove off at once to the station of the Bonn Railway. To do this they had to pass through the principal part of the city of Cologne. It was a gay and brilliant spectacle. Dense masses of people lined the way, and belied the national character by the loud and lusty cheers with which they greeted the guests of their Sovereign. Escorted by these best armies of kings, the Sovereigns of Prussia and England passed through Cologne to the banks of the Rhine, whence the railway runs to Bonn. A very short time brought the royal travellers to the Brühl station of the railway, close to the palace of the King of Prussia, where her Majesty arrived soon after in safety in the presence of multitudes, who gave her a right hearty welcome. On the Queen's arrival at the Palace, the black eagle of Prussia was immediately hoisted in front of the palace, and the *monstre* military band of 600 performers, composed of the bands of thirty Prussian regiments, struck up "God save the Queen." The whole area in front of the Palace was brilliantly lighted up with Chinese coloured lamps, and the Belvedere immediately adjoining the palace was on blaze of light. The dinner party at the Palace was confined to the members of the royal establishment.

On Tuesday, after attending the second Beethoven Concert, the Queen and Prince Albert, with their Prussian Majesties and suites, embarked on board the Fairy yacht steamer at Brühl, and proceeded down the river to Cologne, the banks on either side being splendidly lighted up with flambeaux and tar barrels. Various forts along the Rhine were also bristling with cannon throughout the whole of her Majesty's route, and an incessant discharge of artillery was kept up as the illustrious party proceeded down the stream. The night was wet and cold, the rain came down occasionally very heavily, but the darkness contributed to render the illuminations much more brilliant and effective. The town of Cologne was one blaze of light, the principal hotels and public buildings being distinguished for the beauty and variety of their devices, and almost every window in the town had rows of lamps placed along the front, the lines of narrow streets thus lighted up producing a very pleasing and novel effect. When the steamer in which the royal party were embarked had arrived opposite the town, at a given signal, the roof of the great cathedral was suddenly illuminated with many thousand torches, presenting a most splendid and extraordinary appearance when viewed from the river. In a raft moored in the centre of the stream a grand pyrotechnical display took place, ending with a device, styled "Le Bouquet de la Reine D'Angleterre," consisting of a thousand rockets simultaneously discharged, and lighting up the banks of the Rhine for some miles on either side. At Bonn there was also a display of fireworks, and every house in the town was illuminated, the streets resounding during the night with the discharge of fire arms, rockets, squibs, and crackers. After the return of the royal party to Brühl, the tattoo was beaten by the drums and fifes, amounting to about 200; and the performance was a very masterly one, the effect being extraordinary to an English ear.

On Wednesday, the King and Queen of Prussia and Queen Victoria paid a visit to Cologne to view the cathedral, and the other curiosities with which the city abounds. The royal party returned to Brühl to dinner, and on Thursday proceeded to Stolzenfels, which latter place they left shortly after one o'clock, by special train, for Bonn, where they embarked on board a steamer, and proceeded down the river, every town, village, and hamlet on the route being decked with flags and streamers. At Coblenz the preparations were very extensive, upwards of 400 pieces of cannon being ready to give the royal welcome. After leaving Coblenz, the steamer proceeded up the stream to Stolzenfels, where the royal party embarked and proceeded to the castle. On Friday the rain fell incessantly, and, save a visit by Prince Albert to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the distinguished party did not leave the castle the whole day. Coblenz was so crowded, that not a bed was to be had. Those who did not arrive until a late hour, walked about the streets in despair, and many obtained no beds at all but were obliged to sleep on chairs. One English lady slept in her own carriage.

On Saturday morning her Majesty, accompanied only by Prince Albert and her suite, left Stolzenfels, and embarked on board the steamer Fairy. The King of Prussia accompanied them to the vessel. He then took farewell of them, and returned on shore, while the yacht, amid the cheering of the multitude and the firing of artillery, was set in motion, and proceeded up the Rhine. As long as she remained in sight from the bank below the castle, the King stood upon the beach waving his handkerchief. The royal party reached Mayence at six o'clock, having been rather more than six hours on the passage. As usual, cannon thundered and music played when the Queen landed; besides the guns on the fortifications, a troop of Light Horse Artillery banged away, and not a little steamer on the river but had her crack out of her couple or so of rusty pop-guns. She disembarkation was the work of a moment. Her Majesty quickly disappeared from vulgar eyes beneath the portals of the Government-house, and the crowd which had collected followed the march of the military as they filed off to their various barracks. Her Majesty and the Prince were received by Prince William of Prussia, the Governor of Mayence. The royal party did not, however, stay long at the official residence, but proceeded to the Hotel de l'Europe, where sleeping apartments had been prepared for them.

After nightfall the Queen was treated to a military serenade by torchlight. The appearance of the troops, as they marched to the hotel, the torches flashing and flaring upon the blue and white uniforms, and the glancing arms of the Austrian and Prussian troops, had a really striking effect. The bands took up their station round the hotel, the space occupied by them being kept by a party of soldiers, and the music, heard amid the rattle and clash of arms, the murmuring and rushing of the crowd, and the military orchestra seen by the flashing glare of torchlight, all together made up a rare treat for eyes and ears. The serenade lasted for about three quarters of an hour, and the troops then returned to their quarters, the bands playing up a merry polka. Her Majesty remained at Mayence, on Sunday; and on Monday proceeded, via Darmstadt,

to Wurtzburgh, where the Royal party would spend the night. On Tuesday they would set out for Cobourg, where a long day's journey would bring them in the evening.

### Cricketer's Chronicle.

The following has been handed to us just as we were going to press, and we crowd it in, rather than let so excellent proof of the progress of Cricket lie over. Next week we may have a few words to say on the subject.

### CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE QUEEN CITY CRICKET CLUB AND THE WESTERN CRICKET CLUB — PLAYED ON TUESDAY, SEPT. 2ND, 1845.

Tuesday being set for this match, a great many persons were attracted by the novelty of the game, and the degree of interest it had for some weeks previous excited in the minds of lovers of cricket.

The heavy rains for some days previous, together with the threatening aspect of the morning, led many to suppose the match would not come off, but they were mistaken, and off it came. As this is the first match played between the Clubs—the respective members of which had but little previous practice—we deem any lengthened description of the play out of place. It is very certain, however, that they have the materials of turning out as fine an "Eleven" as the broad continent can boast of. The play on Tuesday was very good, and had it not been for the fact that two of the best players of the Queen City Club were unable to be on the ground, it would have been an exceedingly close match. We look forward for the return match—which, we understand, comes off in two or three weeks—with interest. All parties will have improved by that time, and good sport may be expected. The following is the game.

Wickets pitched at 10 o'clock, A. M. Play called at quarter past 11 o'clock. Three innings took up the whole of the first day. The parties met next morning at 9 o'clock, and terminated the last innings at half past 11 o'clock.

### WESTERN CRICKET CLUB.

	FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.	
Saml. Ladd, b. Manison .....	6	c. Manison .....	13
Wm. Ladd, b. Leeson .....	3	b. Leeson .....	19
James Dane, run out by Leeson .....	0	c. Mortimer .....	9
Geo. Godden, not out .....	26	c. Howard .....	8
Richard Brooks, b. Manison .....	2	c. Haddessey .....	7
Wm. White, c. Leeson .....	0	run out by Leeson .....	0
Geo. Brooks, b. Manison .....	7	c. Fisher .....	7
Edwd. Godden, c. H. Barker .....	3	c. H. Barker .....	1
John Aldridge, b. Leeson .....	0	c. Haddessey .....	0
Wm. Buckingham, b. Leeson .....	5	not out .....	0
Wm. Ryder, run out by Manison .....	0	c. Howard .....	0
No Balls .....	1	No Balls .....	5
Byes .....	5	Byes .....	7
Total .....	58	Wide Balls .....	1
		Total .....	77

### "QUEEN CITY CLUB."

	FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.	
Wm. Leeson, b. G. Godden .....	9	put self out .....	3
John Eccles, run out by Brooks .....	1	b. S. Ladd .....	5
Geo. Howard, c. E. Godden .....	9	b. G. Godden .....	2
Geo. Barker, b. E. Godden .....	8	b. S. Ladd .....	2
John Haddessey, b. S. Ladd .....	5	c. G. Godden .....	2
H. Barker, b. G. Godden .....	2	b. G. Godden .....	0
John Beechin, p. o. touching ball .....	3	run out by White .....	2
Saml. Manison, b. S. Ladd .....	0	not out .....	9
Wm. Fisher, c. E. Godden .....	0	b. S. Ladd .....	1
T. Oliver, b. G. Godden .....	0	b. S. Ladd .....	0
John Mortimer, not out .....	0	b. S. Ladd .....	6
Wide Balls .....	1	Byes .....	1
Byes .....	2	Wide Balls .....	2
Total .....	40	Total .....	35
Western Club won by 60 runs.			

### STEAMER OREGON.

This fine vessel is undoubtedly the most elaborately finished and splendidly furnished steamer ever launched in this country. Her length on deck is 320 feet, with a beam of 25 feet inside the guards, and 65 feet outside the plank-shear. The engine is a vertical beam engine of one thousand horse power, the cylinder being 72 inches in diameter, with 11 feet stroke of piston, worked by two immense boilers, one on either guard.

The main deck is entirely enclosed, and ornamented from the bow to the ladies cabin most elaborately. On this deck are six state rooms, each named after one of the Western Territories, each containing ten berths; every berth on board except those in the eyes, being six feet 10 inches long, by 3 feet wide and only two tiers in each cabin. These state rooms are furnished in the most elegant and costly manner, the washing utensils being of fine china, and the stands all covered with marble tops. There is one large state room called the "Exchange," intended for smoking, reading, and lounging.

The lower cabin, or dining saloon, extends the whole length of the boat, and contains two hundred berths. The furniture of this cabin, from stem to stern, is superb—Beautiful carcel lamps with stained glass shades, stand on every table, while velvet covered couches and divans are placed at short intervals throughout.

The ladies cabin seemed as if all the taste and ingenuity of the artists had been called in play and spent as much money as could be done in as small a space as possible. There are some forty berths and six with state rooms in this cabin.

Each tier of berths has a highly finished arch, elaborately moulded and gilded, to which the curtains are hung. The chairs are of rosewood, covered with velvet, while two arm chairs of the same make, stand in either corner. The floor is covered with a magnificent Wilton carpet, and superb lamps are profusely scattered about, while a superb piano of Pison's make is placed near the after part for the amusement of the ladies. Part of this cabin may be screened off by drawings of massive damask curtains, lined with scarlet satin, and heavily fringed, and thus make a drawing, and retiring room. The doors throughout are finished with superb stained glass, while the lanterns on the main deck are ornamented with the same material, each glass representing some celebrated Indian Chief, who has figured in by-gone days.

There are six state rooms named after the celebrated authoresses, viz:—Messrs Hale, Child, Sedgewick, Embury, Sigourney, and Leslie, and in each of those the furniture is on a keeping with the other part of the cabin.

Above the main deck is another cabin, called the Saloon Cabin, extending nearly three hundred feet. In this cabin are sixty two state rooms, of which four, or two at each end are for families. These rooms contain an elegantly curtained double couch and two berths; the furniture being of the most convenient and costly description.

The boat is owned principally by GEORGE LAW, Esq., and is intended to make her first trip on the Providence route.

The Oregon is commanded by Capt. ST. JOHN, of the Knickerbocker, with Mr. HOUGHTON as his assistant. Engineer, Mr. W. B. Sage.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9 3-4 a 10 percent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

The always favorite Steam Ship, *Great Western*, Capt. B. R. Mathews, arrived at this port on Tuesday evening, after a passage of 17 days, during which she has had exceedingly heavy weather and head winds. She has brought out the immense number of 145 passengers, several of whom are public functionaries of England and of the United States; she is likewise full of freight. By the Great Western we have our files to the 23d ult., the principal news contained therein will be found under the head of "Latest Intelligence" in our news columns.

The reports concerning the weather and the Crops in the different districts of the United Kingdom are upon the whole gloomy, and the effect upon the Corn market has been to raise prices; but not very greatly, for there are counter reports here and there in the agricultural districts, and in some places the harvesting is satisfactory both in the crops and the gathering. Added to this we know that something is said for effect in the way of speculation, and although it is but too evident that the harvest will be below an average, yet the labouring classes will be much relieved of apprehension as they have abundance of employment, and foreign corn will prevent any extravagant rise.

We give a few additional particulars to-day of the progress of Queen Victoria on her visit to the King of Prussia; the whole affair has communicated a sensation which is felt to the very extremes of the European Continent, and the popularity of her Majesty, like her greatness as a monarch, seems to be acknowledged without a dissentient. This is truly an era in the history of the world; we have not only wonderful marches in science, in arts, in mechanics in literature, but also in politics. The age is liberalized indeed—we do not mean in the sense of the cant term intended to distinguish political parties, but—it is an enlightened age, in which mankind at large and their fortunes cease to be considered as the mere instruments and tools of rulers; and their rights, interests, aye and powers, are acknowledged and have become the objects of public solicitude. For the hundredth time we have hailed this interchange of visits and courtesies among the rulers of nations; it is replete with good, and cannot have any material evil in its effects.

What was the great beginning of civilization, and of political freedom in Europe? It was the Crusades. Not that we defend those wars as such; but that they brought together the monarchs, and robber chiefs of all Europe together, and tens of thousands of people from nations distant from each other; and the intercourse gradually enlightened all, and their visits, however hostile to foreign lands, communicated many an important lesson never to be eradicated. In like manner now, when mankind are far, very far, advanced beyond the condition of those early periods, when information is beyond any comparison with that of the times alluded to, when the consciousness of intellect and of moral freedom exists in every bosom, and when every new light, every emanation of thought can through the press become indelibly recorded and pushed with lightning speed to the farthest corners of the earth,—now, the meeting of Princes, their ministers, their savans, their curious, their idle, their rich, and their multitudes must tend every moment to disseminate important truths whether to political, to social, to religious, to moral, or to commercial existence.

The English Journalists have time now to nibble at the Texan annexation question, and they avail themselves of it. Readers on this side of the Atlantic however, and particularly the alarmists who imagined that England and France would embroil themselves in the affair, may perceive plainly enough that nothing can be farther from the intention of those two nations than such a proceeding. We have said this from the first, the Law of Nations is one that has been studied and acted upon in Europe for too many centuries to be matter of doubt now. But although the Governments will not interfere, the *quidnuncs* will, and some of the conductors of the Press are making ugly remarks as to how the independence was brought about in the first place, and how the annexation was arranged in the second. Like ourselves the *Ridacteurs* of the Old World rebut the idea of war between the United States and Mexico, believing that the latter is only folding her robes so as to subsist decently, and consistently with her dignity as a nation.

The Oregon question also finds a little attention just now; for what shall poor editors do, when country gentlemen are slaying grouse and partridge on their estates and preserves, and the court has passed over to the continent, and O'Connell has passed into insignificance, and the lawyers have passed into temporary retirement in order to enjoy the long vacation, and the state of the weather has passed into an old song, and the opera and the patent theatres have passed through their season, and there is nothing more to pass at present except anticipations? The Oregon is therefore a god-send, and they will blow it up,

and kick it about, and arrive at all sorts of conclusions upon it, and—it will after all be settled by mutual compromise. There is no other way to treat it, for the two countries are too wise and too intimately related to go to loggerheads about so valueless a matter. Mr. McLane the new minister at St. James' from the United States is evidently anxious to get begun with his mission, and we hope his energies will not relax, for the continual snarling on each side, and the promotion of excitement is of injurious tendency.

The question is within a nutshell when the right parties go the right way about, and in the mean time we trust it may be allowed to lie quietly and silently in all other hands.

The condition of the religious world at this juncture is one of most exciting interest, and it seems to pervade every Christian country. In Protestant communities there are several with longing looks turned back upon the Romanism which their forefathers abjured, and in Catholic countries we find a spirited and determined opposition to dogmata which have long been taught as fundamental by the Church of Rome. If religion is a mystery, this state of things doubly mystifies it, and an enquiry which we have often made becomes more inexplicable than ever. It is this,—If the doctrines of the Reformation could gain footing and establish themselves not only against the arguments but against the *Power* of the Church of Rome, and should finally supersede them in the most enlightened nations of the world, why should not the same Reformed Doctrines be able to stand now, when there are no longer the thunders of that Church to be dreaded nor is its arm to be felt? And, if the wielded power of the Papacy pressed hard upon offenders against her discipline when there was little or no resistance offered, how might one expect it to be wielded if she were to recover her lost sceptre, with the remembrance of her long fallen estate?

We have certainly heard replies to both these questions, but we do not think they are conclusive. With regard to the first, it is said that it was not so much the errors of the Church as the corruption of the Churchmen which brought about the Reformation, and that we should not have heard of Luther, and his reforms, if he and his brotherhood had been intrusted by Leo X. instead of Tetzel, with the sale of indulgences; and that Luther only raked up those corruptions, and magnified those alleged Errors, to obtain revenge for a fraternity which considered itself slighted. But at this time of day men do not stop to consider the motives which produced reform, so much as to reflect whether that reform was upon good grounds. Grant, for a moment, that Luther was ever so selfish, there still remains the consideration "was his ostensible cause a just one?" The holy Scriptures, and the history of mankind in general, offer abundant examples of great and beneficial events being brought about through the instrumentality of very indifferent characters; the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and why should not a great event like that of the Reformation be the more striking from being brought about as it were spontaneously, and without the strongly visible finger of Heaven specially active in its favour.

With respect to the second question it is said that as public indignation was addressed rather against Churchmen than the Church, and minds were mad for a change without being particularly nice as to the leading cause of their action, mankind have in course of time gradually reverted to reflection on the religion of their fathers, have coolly and deliberately considered the grounds of the Roman Catholic faith, and are again reforming, that is, going back to the fold from which they have strayed;—that this is an operation slowly but surely in course of procedure, but that human nature is such that one always feels a repugnance to retrace the steps, even though it be to retrieve error, or to effect safety. It may be sufficient to reply to this, that if the Tractarian doctrines have this for their ultimate object they are exceedingly full of duplicity. They make positive protests against some of the dogmas of the Church of Rome whilst they secretly are drawing their disciples to acquiesce in them. We regret to say that very recently we saw a long list of persons, several of them late ministers of the Anglican church, who having first adopted the Newman and Puseyite principles, next proceeded to abjure the Protestant and openly profess the Catholic Church. We say we regret it; not because the last mentioned church has gained those proselytes, for it is the duty of every man, once convinced, to make profession of the faith that is in him,—but because the matter has been brought about in a manner startling to one's notions of good faith in the process.

Thus far we have been speaking of deviations from the Protestant faith. On the other hand a champion has recently started up to fight the battles of Reform against the Papal discipline and the Romanist doctrines. He seems to possess all the fire and vigour of his great predecessor Luther, and to choose, for the seat of his spiritual campaign, the same field of action as that which mainly occupied that great reformer. John Ronde is exposing the absurdities and the blasphemies of pretended miraculous powers, and is contending against discipline which has been superinduced in later periods of Church history—say the period of Gregory the Great,—but which were unknown in the more primitive times of Christianity.

Could we undoubtedly believe in the sincerity of John Ronde on the one part, and of the English tractarians on the other, we should say that whilst pursuing their researches from different sources and walking in very different directions, they have met at the same point, and in truth there may be much in this, but the action of man is the consequence of so many motives, many of them incongruous to each other, and all of them having too much of the leaven of selfishness, that before we can get through the puzzle in which the question is involved we are called to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and to wait the award for conduct and belief to which erring human nature and finite reasoning may have conducted us.

## Fine Arts.

**THE DRAWING MASTER.**—It is a lamentable truth that, although there may exist among us in this community a considerable desire for pictures, wherewith to adorn our Saloons, portfolios for amusement, or ornamental articles, the condition of *taste* among us is on the whole little more than incipient. This is evident from the very low prices which paintings fetch, from the easels of even the very best living artists of the country, the absolute disappointment of every speculator who is so hasty or so ignorant as to bring over here a work of high art, and the sale of daubs at the picture auctions where painted canvas may be said to be sold by the square foot,—or rather where fine frames are sold and the paintings are thrown into the bargain.

What is the reason that educated and refined foreigners perceive, in the midst of generous and profuse hospitality at the table, substantial and elegant furniture, plate, bijoutrerie, and ornamental bagatelles, that the rooms have their walls crowded with contemptible pictures chiefly vulgar and coarse copies from Europe, expressly "for the American Market," and utterly in contrast with all else in the apartments? It is because the Drawing Master is *not* abroad. It is not that expense is spared in that branch of a polite Education, or that there is any disinclination on the part of young persons generally to practise drawing or study its principles, but we fear we must say that it is from the great and to us inexplicable paucity of good professors of the art. For more than a dozen years we have been conscious of this *want* in the city of New York, and often we resolved upon propounding the question of "how does this happen?" At first we presumed that as it *was* a fault—now happily abated in a great degree—to give a smattering of many things, and a solid acquaintance with none that made up "the accomplishments," artists of ability and eminence would not give time to an occupation from which they derived small profit and no honour.

In fact this lamentable state of things is not the fault of the public, for we verily believe that they would pay for the required talent if they could get it; but there must be culpable negligence on the part of artists themselves who do not keep alive and cherish a taste for the Fine Arts by seeking and encouraging professors of Drawing as teachers of youth, who may thereby acquire those notions on the subject which are to fit them in after years, to become patrons of Art. The members of the Academy of Design, for their own interests' sake ought to see to this. Why might not a few of them condescend to give a few lessons, which might in the end be so advantageous to their own profession? How can they expect a taste to grow up which they take not the least pains to inculcate?—for although we suppose there is in the Academy a "Professor of Drawing" we have never heard of any performance of the duties, and fear it is a sort of sinecure,—an honorary title.

As for the lessons which are actually given in schools to young persons, they consist of mere copying, and the pupils are neither made acquainted with the laws nor the practice of perspective, they learn nothing of the theory of colours; they only imitate what is before them as nearly as they can, the teacher touching up at the finish, and when the pupils retire from the Drawing course of instruction—as it is called—they are about as wise as when they began, and are *ennuyée* at the troublesome employment.

Will artists and amateurs look to this, for without it Painting must long continue to languish in America, although natural taste and excellent talents are not wanting, as many striking instances can be adduced. The soil is rich yet it requires cultivation, send, therefore, useful laborers to till it.

## Music and Musical Intelligence.

**MR. F. W. HORNCastle'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.**—Mr. Horncastle gave the first of a series of Vocal entertainments at the New York Society Library, on Wednesday evening last. It consisted of a lecture, interspersed with songs, on the vocal music of Ireland, and the subject was handled by him in a very masterly manner. This gentleman is more than merely a vocalist, he is a man of research, of feeling, and expression, and his songs which are charming illustrations of his text, are both captivating in themselves, and given in the style of a master in the vocal art. The vocalism of the Irish school does not require a very extensive compass, but a clearness, smoothness, and evenness of intonation are absolutely indispensable, and these qualities he possesses in a very eminent degree. Besides these, he has the property of accompanying himself on the Pianoforte in a way that we have never heard equalled except by Mr. Horn, and his skill in this matter greatly enhances the beauty of the performance.

Our delight was not a little mingled with regret that so fine an artist and so intelligent a lecturer should have met with the very meagre encouragement as that which was exhibited on the occasion to which we allude; but we suspect it was either his misfortune or his fault that the matter was all but unknown to the public generally. Mr. Horncastle is apparently not aware of the usages here, nor of the manner in which these things are brought before the public eye. Not being a dramatic or operatic professor, he has not been blazoned about in the papers, nor filled the mouths of gossipers. He has not—but he should have been so advised—given his programme to the lovers of music through the public press, nor taken any of the usual steps to make himself known. As a Professor he has never been heard of here, and the form of Lecture has been worn out, though mistakenly. We can confidently assure our readers, however, that in attending his entertainments they will find the time all too short in which they are listeners, and we believe they will find themselves inclined to go again and again, to be both edified and delighted.

To Mr. Horncastle himself we would suggest the advantage he would ex-

perience by putting himself into the hands of some one capable of giving him good advice as to his professional movements, and we beg of him not to feel discouraged by his bad beginning, musical people were just discovering the fine qualities of Henry Phillips at the moment he was retiring, jaded by disappointment.

**NEW MUSIC.**—The following masterly composition is just published by Messrs. Firth & Hall, Franklin square.

**GRAND WALTZ DE BRAVURA.**—*By Geo. Fred. Bristow.*—It was but the other day that we did ourselves the satisfaction to speak in what we considered becoming terms of this very promising musician. The work before us more than confirms the opinions therein expressed, and it adds to our regret that talents of so promising an order should be so restricted in their action. Most earnestly we wish that he could visit the German, the Italian, the French, and the English Schools, for he would assuredly do honour to the profession of music. The Waltz here published abounds in difficulties, but we do not attribute value to mere difficulty; it is moreover constructed on just rules of composition and is graceful in its principal *motif*. Mr. Bristow has also here exhibited great skill and taste, in his modulations—a quality in musical composition requiring no small tact and discernment.

\*\*\* Our musical friends will not forget the new Oratorio of "The Seven Sleepers" which is to be given at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening next, with Loder to conduct, and an immense vocal force.

## The Drama.

**PARK THEATRE.**—The first engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Kean at this house has terminated; it has been a very brilliant one, redounding to their honour as histrionics, and to the benefit of the treasury in a substantial degree. Mrs. Kean has played several of her very best characters, in some of which she will be long remembered with gratification, after she shall have retired to enjoy that "otium cum dignitate," which she has so richly earned. We have spoken of her Beatrice and her Rosalind often and long ago, we could but repeat ourselves to enter upon the subject again; they are both, in her hands, the very perfection of art, and the Great Dramatist himself, could he rise and witness the impersonation of his own splendid creations, would be rapt with delight. Were it not that it leaves an appetite for a repetition of such an intellectual feast we should say that the engagement has been too short. Mr. Kean has not had anything to do which is quite his *forte* in this engagement, we must wait for his Richard and his Sir Giles Overreach, for a real taste of his quality, the nearest approach to his rôle proper, being thus far the Jacques in "As you like it," and that character being rather intellectual than passionate is not quite adapted to Mr. Kean's genius.

On Monday a series of Opera will be begun, commencing with "La Sonnambula," in which Miss Delcy and Mr. Brough will appear, and Mr. Rophino Lacy will conduct.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—Filled, as usual.

**NIRIO'S GARDEN.—FRENCH OPERA.**—After two very successful nights of "La Fille du Régiment," the "Queen of Cyprus" was produced on Wednesday before a crowded house; it was repeated last night. We can hardly give our opinion on that long and scientific score, having heard it but once. However, so far as we can judge, we don't like it so well as "La Juive." The first two acts have no great musical interest, but the chorus and grand duo in the 3d act, the march and the prayer in the 4th, are pieces of great merit and were quite effective, particularly the duo, between Garry and Arnaud. Such music as this is exceedingly interesting to artists and learned musicians, the instrumentation is above all praise; but the million will like a little more spontaneity, more animation, and natural melodies. The cast is very good, for we cannot expect from Mordant to sing the part of poor M. Coeuriot as it was originally written; he is obliged to transpose many passages; but indeed so it is with Mdlle. Calvè, whose part is written for a contralto. Notwithstanding all these difficulties which are so frequent with a provincial company, *La reine de Chypre* is sung in proper style and would have a long run, if the company were not leaving very soon. They are expected at Philadelphia on the 25th inst.

On Tuesday Brougham took his benefit and was capital in "The Irish Lion" and "The Rivals." On Thursday Mdlle. Coeuriot repeated her performance of "Mdlle. Dangerville," a farce in which she sustains four different characters. After an intermède musical "Le royaume des femmes," was given; a burletta which was very successful on account of the military evolutions performed by 40 ladies,—a kind of imitation of "La Revote du Sérial." Tonight English comedy. Next week probably "Lucie de Lammermoor."

**MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—We understand that the excellent general, Mitchell, will open his campaign, in great force, on Monday evening next.

## Literary Notices.

**SHORT PATENT SERMONS.**—*By Dow, Jun.*—New York: Paige, Nichols, & Krauth.—We need not expatiate on the merits of these sermons, as all the world knows that they are at once clever *jeux d'esprit*, and short moral essays. They have long formed a valuable portion of the staple in the agreeable hebdomadal called the "Sunday Mercury," and they are here collected together as a neat little volume. We commend them to general perusal.

**THE LONDON LANCET.**—Burgess, Stringer & Co. are republishing this famous periodical, and they do so in a manner at once cheap and neat. No. 3 of Vol. II. of this edition is before us, replete with important matter both for professional and unprofessional readers.

**THE MAN OF FORTUNE**—*By Mrs. Gore.*—New York: Ferrett & Co.—The writings of Mrs. Gore have gain for a lasting reputation. The Metropolitan Magazine was long under obligations to her able pen. The work before us is worthy of the same hand, and will be read with satisfaction by all who take it up.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,  
*Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.*  
ATTENDS to DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual ob-curity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPEC FACES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Resilience and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-1y.

#### NEW YORK SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

*Oratorio of the Seven Sleepers.*

THE new and exceedingly interesting Oratorio will be performed by the Sacred Music Society, comprising TWO HUNDRED Performing Members, at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening, 24th inst. The principal Solo parts will be sustained by Miss J. L. NORTHALL, Mrs. JAMESON, (of Hartford), Miss WINDMULLER, Mr. FRAZER, Mr. SEGUIN, and other distinguished Vocal talent. The Orchestra will be numerous and effective.

Conductor ..... Mr. U. C. Hill.  
Organist ..... Mr. Greatorex,

His first performance in this city.

Further particulars will be announced in a future Advertisement. [S13-1]

#### MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

297 Broadway, New York.

F RILEY & Co., (one of the oldest publishing houses and manufacturers of Instruments in the U. S.), keep constantly on hand a well assorted stock of Music, to which they add constantly, their own and all the new publications as soon as issued, which with their stock of Instruments (manufactured by themselves and imported) and other Musical merchandise enables them to fill any order they may be favored with in the United States, Canada, or the West Indies, with promptness and despatch.

Military bands supplied, and Instruments warranted. Orders from Schools and Academies solicited.

Sept. 13-3m.

#### SPANISH GUITAR REPOSITORY,

190½ Grand Street, corner of Mott.

LADIES AND AMATEURS who are desirous of obtaining a Guitar equal to the Harp, are respectfully invited to stop at C. ROGERS's Guitar Store where their orders will be gratefully received and punctually attended to.

Good toned second-hand Guitars to loan or hire. [Sept. 13-2m\*]

#### MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

PART VIII,

Published this Day, Sept. 1,

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS,

CONTAINING a magnificent Engraving of the "Arrival of Rebecca." The Notes by the Rev. A. Fletcher, D.D., are practical and devotional, and possess the rare quality of containing much in few words; the publication as a work of Art has no equal, and the fast increasing sale is a proof that its merits are appreciated. Those who have not already subscribed are reminded that a work embellished with Steel Engravings, the value consists in obtaining proof impressions, therefore early subscribers will have a decided advantage.

Sept 6-2t\* R. MARTIN & Co., 26 John Street.

#### FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS, &c.

BY LETTERS PATENT OF THE U. S.

CLIREHUGHS' TRICOPHEROUS cures Baldness, prevents Grey hair entirely, and eradicates Scurf and Dandruff. This article differs from all the other advertised nostrums of the day. Its manufacture is based upon a thorough physiological knowledge of the growth of the hair and its connection with the skin, as well as a knowledge of the various diseases which affect both. The Tricopherous is not intended to anoint the hair with, its application is only to the skin, and to act through the skin on the nerves, blood vessels, &c., connected with the root or bulb of the hair. Thus by keeping up the action on the skin, encouraging a healthy circulation which must not be allowed to subside, the baldest head may be again covered with a new growth, and the greyest hair changed to its original colour. It is admirably adapted as a wash for the head, having the same effect upon Scurf and Dandruff that hot water has upon sugar, clearing every furaceous appearance from the skin, which is frequently the primary cause of baldness and grey hair. In most cases one bottle will stop the hair from falling off. Principal office 305 Broadway, (up stairs,) adjoining St. Paul's, and sold by all respectable Druggists and Perfumers in the principal cities of the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Brazil, &c. Sept. 6-3m.

#### J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 26 ANN STREET,

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats .....	\$12.00
Making and Trimming .....	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants .....	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming .....	1.50 to 2.00
Vests .....	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming .....	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug. 30-tf.

#### MUSIC.

A Rare Opportunity of Acquiring a Thorough Musical Education.

G. H. DERWORT, Professor of Singing, Guitar and Piano Forte, has opened a class for Young Ladies from 7 to 10 years of age, among whom are three of his own daughters, whom he proposes to thoroughly instruct in the art of Singing.

Mr. Derwort's system is the result of many years observation and experience, during which he has successfully taught in Germany, London, and New York. His method cannot fail to impart to his pupils a clear perception, and a thorough knowledge of the grammatical principles of Music, with the ability to harmonize any simple given melody.

Parents and Guardians are invited to call at his Rooms, 427 Broadway, when every inquiry will be answered.

Terms \$20 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. Lessons three times a week.

Private instruction as heretofore.

Aug. 30-4t.

#### NEW ORGAN.

M. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

Mr. New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleeker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blanwett, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Apgar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23—6m.

#### CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.—

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

WHEN THE BODY IS SUBJECT TO MANY CHANGES, IT REQUIRES MEDICINE.—Sudden changes from very hot, to chilly weather, are unfavourable to health; and it is a fact universally admitted, that heat and moisture are powerful agents in producing disease, and that constant dry and constant wet weather are both favorable to its generation; it does not signify what we call it: it may be ague; it may be bilious fever; it may be yellow fever; it may be dysentery; it may be rheumatism; it may be bronchitis; it may be cholic; it may be constipation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the bowels; it may be inflammation of the stomach; it may be a nervous affection; but still it is disease, and a disease curable by the Brandreth Pills, because they remove all impurities from the body, all that can in any manner feed the further progress of the malady; no matter how called; thus these pills are not only the most proper medicine, but generally the only medicine that need or ought to be used.

REMEMBER, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson-street, New York, and Mrs. Booth's, 5 Market Street Brooklyn.

#### NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ORATORIO.

THE BEAUTIFUL and effective oratorio of THE SEVEN SLEEPERS will be performed early in September next, at the Tabernacle, under the direction of Mr. GEORGE LODER.

The choruses will be sustained by OVER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE performers, selected with particular reference to their MUSICAL QUALIFICATIONS.

The Solo parts, (10 in number,) will be WELL SUSTAINED by RESIDENT TALENT.

A powerful orchestra will be engaged for the occasion, and the public may confidently rely upon hearing a good oratorio WELL PERFORMED.

Mr. H. C. TIMM will preside at the organ.

N. B.—Persons leaving their names at the stores of Firth & Hall; Firth, Hall & Pond, 239 Broadway; Atwill's; Sixton & Miles; Riley, Scharpenburgh, & Luis; G. F. Nesbitt, cor. Wall and Water; or with H. Meiggs, 446 Broadway, previous to first of September, will receive THREE TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR, payable on delivery of the tickets.

Aug. 16—tf.

#### DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY, NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian Tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.	EXERCISE RIDING.
16 Lessons.....\$15.00	1 Month.....\$12.00
10 do .....10.00	20 Rides.....10.00
4 do .....5.00	10 do .....6.00
Single Lessons.....2.00	Single Rides.....75
Road do .....2.50	

N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.

RULES.

1—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.

2—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.

3—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.

4—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

5—Hours for Gentlemen, from 6 to 8 A. M. and 3 to 7 P. M.

6—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

Aug. 16—3m.

SUPERIOR PRIVATE APARTMENTS, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD.—A limited number of Gentlemen, or married couples, but without young children, may be accommodated with spacious apartments in one of the most eligible locations of the city; and with any proportion of board that may best suit their requirements. The most unexceptionable references will be given and required. Apply at No. 137 Hudson Street in St. John's Park.



## CASTLE GARDEN.

THESE spacious premises have at length been opened in most excellent style; no description can adequately convey a notion of its numerous excellencies. The Italian Opera Troupe are there, the Eslier Brothers, the unsurpassed Cline, all the Orchestral talent of the City, and on Sundays, there will be a selection of Sacred Music for the Million, at 12 cents Admission—the seriously disposed may view the great works of the Creator from the promenades outside the walls, while the more cheerful may lift up their hearts in Sacred Song. Operas on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. My17-6m.

## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

REGULAR MAIL LINE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA STONINGTON AND PROVIDENCE, AND VIA NEWPORT, composed of the following very superior and well known Steamers, running in connection with the Stonington and Providence Railroads and the Boston and Providence Railroads:—

MASSACHUSETTS, of 600 tons, Capt. Comstock.

MOHEGAN, 400 tons, Capt. —

NARRAGANSETT, 600 tons, Capt. Manchester.

RHODE ISLAND, 1000 tons, Capt. Thayer.

Under the new arrangement, which will offer increased comfort and advantage to travellers and shippers of freight, the line will be established daily on and after the 10th April, leaving New York, Boston and Providence every afternoon, (Sundays excepted.)

Will leave New York at 5 o'clock P.M. from Battery Place.

Will leave Boston at 4½ P.M.

Will leave Providence at 6 P.M.

Will leave Newport at 8 P.M.

Will leave Stonington at 9 P.M.,

Via Stonington, the MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Comstock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 P.M.

Vi. Stonington and Newport, the NARRAGANSETT, Capt. Manchester, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 5 P.M.

Passengers on arrival of the Steamers at Stonington, will be immediately forwarded in the Railroad Cars to Providence and Boston.

For passage or freight, apply on board at north side of pier 1, 22 Broadway, or office of Saml. Deveaux, freight agent, on the wharf.

Tickets for the route, and steamer's berths, can be secured on board, or at the office of Harnden & Co., 6 Wall Street.

My17-6m.

G. B. CLARKE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

## GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" Bik Cass Pants (Dessain).....	6.00 to 8.50
" Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50

## PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.

Dress Coats .....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests .....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

[Mr8-tf.]

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. [Mr. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. (My24-1y)

## ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

Established in 1805—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

## CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

JOSEPH FOWLER and E. S. BUCHANAN, No. 27 Wall street, opposite to the Bank of Commerce, as General Agents, are duly empowered to receive, and confirm at once, all eligible risks for Insurance on Single Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorship Annuities, on the same favourable terms as at the London Office.

## ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY:

Perfect Security—arising from a large paid up capital, totally independent of the premium fund.

Participation at once in all the profits of the Company.

Low Premiums for short term of Life.

Life Policy holders' premium reduced every three years.

Bonus of eighty per cent—or 4½% of the Profits returned to the Policy holders every three years at compound interest.

Profits paid in cash, or taken in reduction of the annual premium, or in augmentation of the sum insured, at the option of the policy holder.

A fair compensation allowed on the surrender of Life Policies to the Company.

## Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100.

Age next birth	For ONE	For SEVEN	For whole Life without	For whole Life with profits.
day.	Year.	Years.	profits.	with profits.
25	92	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 00	3 39

From the above it will be seen that the Albion offers all the advantages of a Mutual Co., with the important addition of a large paid up Capital; and by paying the profits in cash, the policy holders derive advantages during their own lives, by a reduction every three years, until the premium ceases, when they still continue to participate in all the profits of the Co.

The public is respectfully requested to call at the Agency and examine the superior advantages afforded by the Albion Co.—in its safe and economical rates of premium to which may be attributed the extraordinary success which has hitherto attended the operations of the oldest and most respectable Companies in England.

Insurance at all ages from 12 to 78 years, from \$500 to \$15,000 on a single life.

## Medical Examiners.

J. W. FRANCIS, M. D., No. 1 Bond street.

J. C. FEALES, Esq., M. D., 543 Broadway.

Travelling limits very liberal. The necessary forms, and every information may be obtained by application to JOSEPH FOWLER,

R. S. BUCHANAN, 27 Wallstreet.

## TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

## ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

## THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 90 Waterloo Road.

My10-tf.

## FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

At this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

THE American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to Mr. M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

\* \* \* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus's, &c., supplied.

M. B. BRADY. (Ap19).

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. Gillott. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pen, thus making a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.

" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.

" " Harlem River.

View of the Jet at

Fountain in the Park, New York.

" in Union Park,

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—an entirely new article of Barrei Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

## CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c., FOR 1845,

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane.

TO BUFFALO in 36 hours. | CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c., CANADA, in 2½ to 3 days. THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Ste. imboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., corner Maiden Lane.

## DAGUERREOTYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c., &c., forwarded to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above. Mr29.

## DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz.:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & C., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenwich Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-tf.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

## PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonial in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York State—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed)

S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.

Yours respectfully,

WM. H. HACKETT

Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

## ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance.

Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & CO., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States.

[Mr.15-tf.]

## STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship **GREAT WESTERN**, Captain Matthews; and their new iron Steam-ship **GREAT CHIEF**, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:-

FROM LIVERPOOL.		FROM NEW-YORK.			
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	23rd Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	6th Nov.
Great Britain	do	22d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Stew ard's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front-street.

New-York, Jan. 27, 1845.

Mylo-tf.

## NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

To sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:-

FROM NEW YORK.

**ROSCUS**, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th March.

**SIDDONS**, Capt. E. B. Cobbe, 29th April.

**SHERIDAN**, Capt. Deasyer, 26 May.

**GARRICK**, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th June.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to E. K. COLLINS & CO., 36 South-st., N.Y., or to BROWN, SHIRLEY & CO., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

MESSRS. E. K. COLLINS & CO. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My21-tf.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:-

FROM NEW YORK.

**STEPHEN WHITNEY**, W.C. Thompson, May 11.

**UNITED STATES**, A. Button, June 11.

**VIRGINIAN**, Chas. Heirn, July 11.

**WATERLOO**, W. H. Allen, Aug. 11.

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street.

MY24-tf.

## NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing fall on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships. Captains. From New York. From Liverpool.

Ashburton, H. Huitlenton, Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6, Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.

Patrick Henry, J. C. Delano, Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6, Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.

Independence, F. P. Allen, Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6, April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.

Henry Clay, Ezra Nye, April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6, May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to sailors, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

NEITHER THE CAPTAINS OR OWNERS OF THE SHIPS WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY LETTERS, PARCELS, OR PACKAGES SENT BY THEM, UNLESS REGULAR BILLS OF LADING ARE SIGNED THEREFOR.

For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & CO., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & CO., Liverpool.

## LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships. Captains. From New York. From Portsmouth.

St. James, F. R. Meyers, Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1, Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.

Northumberland, R. H. Gridwold, 10, 10, 10, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1.

Gladiator, R. L. Bunting, 20, 20, 20, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

Mediator, J. M. Chadwick, Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.

Switzerland, E. Knight, 10, 10, 10, April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.

Quebec, F. B. Hebard, 20, 20, 20, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

Victoria, E. E. Morgan, March 1, July 1, Nov. 1, 20, 20, 20, 20, 20.

Wellington, D. Chadwick, 10, 10, 10, May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.

Hendrick Hudson, G. Moore, 20, 20, 20, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

Prince Albert, W. S. Sebor, April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, 20, 20, 20, 20.

Toronto, E. G. Tinker, 10, 10, 10, June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.

Westminster, Hovey, 20, 20, 20, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the bds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships. Masters. Days of Sailing from New York. Days of Sailing from Liverpool.

Cambridge, W. C. Barstow, June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.

England, S. Bartlett, June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.

Oxford, J. Rathbone, July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, April 1, June 16, Dec. 16, April 16.

Montezuma, (new) A. W. Lowther, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.

Europe, A. G. Parker, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 1, Oct. 1, Jan. 16, May 16.

New York, Thos. B. Cropper, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 16.

Columbus, G. A. Cole, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16.

Yorkshire, (new) D. G. Bailey, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & CO., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N.Y.

## FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &amp;c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Gr. enhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plans. Ap. 20 tf.

## HENRY'S CHINESE SHAVING CREAM;

## OR, ORIENTAL COMPOUND.

THE principal ingredients of this delightful Oriental Compound, being of Eastern origin, the preparation differs entirely from any other heretofore offered for the same purpose. Its component parts are held in the highest estimation where best known, but the composition itself is entirely NEW, and only requires a trial of its qualities, to satisfy all of its real worth. It has cost the Proprietor years of labor, and much expense, to bring the article to its present state of perfection, and is now submitted for public favor on its own merits, with the confident belief that it is the best as well as the most economical Shaving Compound now in use.

A perusal of the following testimonials is respectfully requested:—

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—Nothing is more intelligibly indicative of the amazing progress of Science in this age, than the innumerable additions which are constantly made to the sum of our minor comforts and luxuries. In our dwellings—in our cooking—in our clothing—in all our enjoyments and conveniences, we are daily receiving new accessions to our comfort. Even in the business of shaving, Science has been ministering largely to our enjoyments. That process, instead of being an affliction, is now positively a comfort—that is, if you use Sands & Co.'s admirable "Shaving Soap." Just try it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

SOMETHING FOR THE BEARD.—Not to make it grow, Reader—that is not exactly desirable; but a splendid article of Shaving Cream, unsurpassed, and, we believe, unsurpassable. Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, are famous for the superiority of every thing they sell in the Drug and Perfumery line; but they never did "bearded man" a greater favor than in furnishing him with "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is beautiful in appearance, beautiful in use, and a most decided luxury.—*New York American Republican.*

(\*) Several of our contemporaries have exhausted the power of language in praise of a new compound of the saponaceous kind, sold by A. B. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, called "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream." It is, indeed, a capital article, and deserves all that is said of it.—*N. Y. Morning News.*

THE CHINESE SHAVING CREAM, prepared by Sands, is one of the most pains-saving articles ever invented for the use of the bearded half of humanity. It is so convenient and pleasant that, once tried, it will always after be deemed an indispensably requisite at the toilet of a gentleman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SOMETHING NEW FOR SHAVING.—A beautiful compound, in the shape of "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," has recently been tried by us in undergoing the "beard-ripping" process; and we truly say that this preparation, introduced by Messrs. Sands & Co., 273 Broadway, is the pleasantest emollient to the skin we ever made use of. It makes the face soft and pleasant, and either smart nor roughness follows the trace of the razor. It is decidedly the best thing we ever used, and for travellers, and those who do their own "barbering," is invaluable.—*N. Y. Express.*

SOFT SOAP.—The best razor in the world is of little use, provided the shaver has to work for hours mixing up either from hard soap. No man can go through the operation of shaving, without he is aided by one or other of the shaving compounds for sale by the Perfumers. Of all those which we have tried, we give "Henry's Chinese Shaving Cream," prepared by A. B. Sands & Co., the preference. It raises a thick, delicate and creamy lather, which facilitates the mowing operation famously. We would not have any objection to receive a half-dozen pots of it, which would last us about a half-dozen years.—*N. Y. Aurora.*

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers-st., N.Y.—Price, 50 cents per jar. Sold also at 79 Fulton-st., and 77 East Broadway, and by Druggists generally in town and country. AG2-3m.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE.—JAMES L. HEWITT, has removed his Piano Forte and Music Store to 295 Broadway, (La Forge's New Buildings,) where will always be found a large and general assortment of Music and Musical Instruments of every description, both at Wholesale and Retail.

J. L. H. is the sole agt. for this city, for the sale of Lemuel Gilbert's (of Boston) celebrated Patent Action Piano Fortes, which are now considered by the most eminent professors equal, if not superior, to any made.

Military Bands supplied with the very best Instruments, all of which are warranted perfect.—All orders for Music, Musical Instruments, or Piano Fortes, addressed to the subscriber, will meet the same attention as if by a personal application.

MY17-6m. JAMES L. HE VITT, 295 Broadway, between Reade and Duane

## SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antispasmodic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing in the blood the active principle of disease. The many well-authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a wide and deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

MADISONVILLE, KY., Feb. 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands—Having used your Sarsaparilla in my family, and witnessed its beneficial effects on one of my children, I feel it to be a duty I owe to the community to make the case public. About two years ago my little son was attacked with Scrofula or King's Evil, which broke in eight or nine places round the neck and jaw, and which finally affected his eyes, rendering him entirely blind. During the first year from the time he was taken, he was attended by several physicians, but continued to get worse until I despaired of his ever getting well. Having seen your Sarsaparilla advertised with certificates of its cures, I concluded I would give it a trial, and accordingly sent to Cincinnati and procured a few bottles. and now, after having used it in nine bottles, I have the gratification of saying he is well. The sores are all entirely healed, and his sight nearly as good as ever it was; and I have no hesitation in saying that he was entirely cured by the use of your Sarsaparilla.—Yours truly, E. BASSETT.

The following statement is from a gentleman who is one of the first Druggists in the city of Providence, and from his extensive knowledge of medicines of every kind, and his experience of the effects of Sands's Sarsaparilla, his opinion, is one of peculiar value to the afflicted—

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—I speak experimentally when I say that this medicine is far more effectual in the cure of chronic or acute rheumatism than any other preparation I ever tested. Having endured extreme suffering at times within the last five years from repeated attacks of inflammatory or acute Rheumatism, I have recently used Sands's Sarsaparilla with the happiest success; my health is now better than it has been for many months past, my appetite is good, and my strength is rapidly returning. I attribute this healthful change entirely to the use of this potent medicine. Feeling a deep sympathy with those who are afflicted with this most tormenting and painful complaint, I cannot refrain from earnestly recommending to such the use of this valuable specific. Having the most entire confidence in the medicine and skill of Dr. Sands, I was induced thereby to try the effects of their Sarsaparilla, and I take pleasure in adding my testimony to that of many others commendatory of its invaluable properties, unknown to and uncollected by the Messrs. Sands. CHARLES DYER, JR.

Feb. 15, 1845. Druggist, 40 & 42 Westminster-st., Providence, R.I.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS. Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Hoiland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birke, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

JULY-4.